

Special Features This Issue

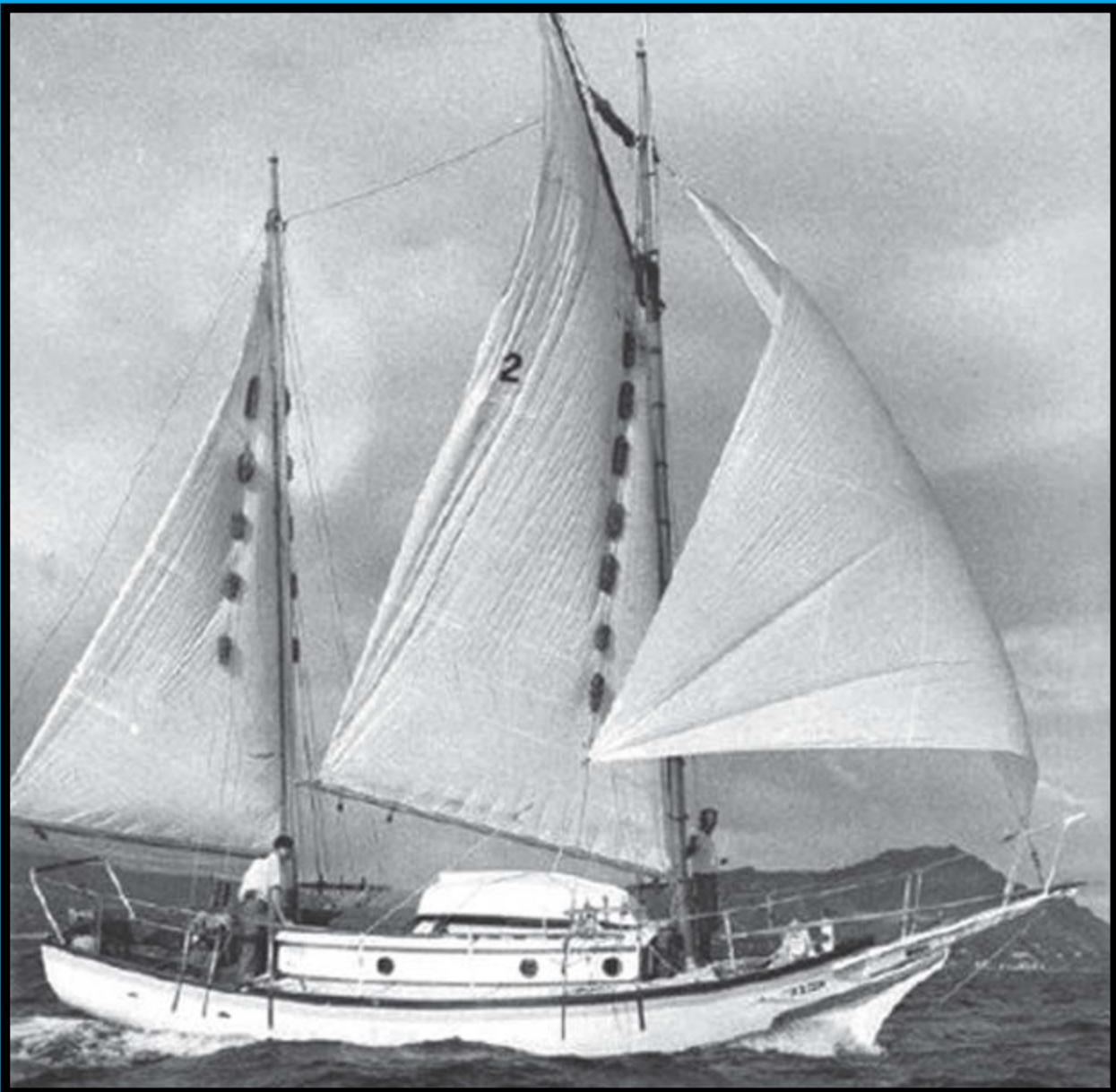
US Wins the Challenge Cup
Adventures in the Netherlands
Andro Zee's Ultimate Cruise
The Golden Rule - Ed Link and His Linkanoe



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 29 – Number 12

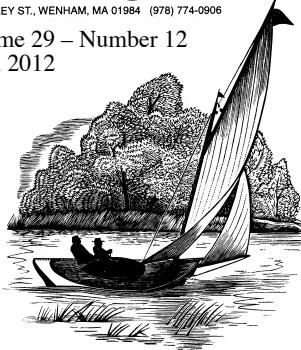
April 2012



messing about in **BOATS**

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

spirit you should read this book. Have a look at Chuck Yahrling's review.

The second book, *Stories of a Century of Canoeing and Canoes*, is about a lifetime spent in canoeing, a lifetime stretching back to childhood in 1923 and still ongoing. The author, Larry Zuk, is a towering figure in organized canoeing through the American Canoe Association. From a start as a child paddling and sailing canoes under the guidance of his father Tom, in turn a major participant in racing and in ACA affairs, Larry has just never stopped. He's raced and picnicked, designed and built canoes and canoe sail rigs, held office in the ACA since the '60s and been an accessible source of advice and counsel to aspiring paddlers all along.

Unlike the Bishop's book, which is published by a commercial book publisher, Larry's book is self-published in an 8½" x 11" spiral bound notebook format. It is a pastiche of typset pages, drawings, photos, photocopied letters and race records, whatever he felt might be worth putting down.

In the letter which accompanied the "gift" of the book Larry made to me he stated, in part:

"Initially the writing began as an historical account of canoeing activities and descriptions of the historical canoes, kayaks and equipment that I gave to the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton. The information for them came from my journals written at the time as were the pictures and articles in publications. Then I researched and added background material for each activity and the stories became an historical account with pictures, documents and other supporting material."

The purpose is to leave a record of canoeing activities for the period primarily for people doing research, but some of the stories aroused interest and have been published in books and magazines. Anything which helps to attract people to the sport is fine with me."

Just to alert us that he is not yet finished with this lifetime effort he goes on to say:

"I am writing more. My next material is the early days of white water racing in the Rocky Mountains, in which I played a major roll. I would like to see all this information get exposure."

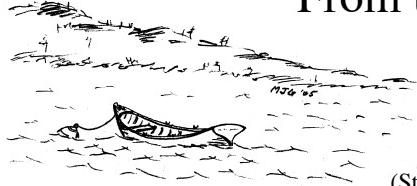
The topic is canoeing but the underlying message is how rewarding a life Larry Zuk's devotion to his chosen avocation has been. Should this intrigue you, you can contact Larry for more details about his book and obtaining a copy of your own at:

Larry Zuk, 1401 Elmhurst Dr N305,
Longmont, CO 80503, zuklarry@gmail.com.

On the Cover...

Amongst the restoration projects ongoing which come to our attention from time to time, the *Golden Rule* Project being carried out by a group known as Veterans for Peace is unique in my mind for it is attempting to restore as a historical artifact a vessel which partook in protesting the atomic bomb testing in the South Pacific 54 years ago. We had a short item about it in the March issue and now bring you a more complete look at it in this issue.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

The year inexorably ticks away. One of these days it will be too cold and snowy and blowy to boat, but, yesterday, I went kayaking in southern Maine with my brother-in-law. It was only forty and overcast. But the little lake on which he lives lay placid among its pine clad shores. We spent an hour, he and his son and I, traipsing among the islets and rocks and watching a loon go fishing for her breakfast. It appeared she would surely dine before we did.

The tiniest isle, scarcely more than a hundred feet across, had a derelict cottage on it and a "For Sale" sign. Surrounded by summer cottages at a range of two hundred yards, it remained in prominent isolation. I suppose it would be a quiet spot for a writer or a recluse. I would prefer a sailboat to an island as small as that. At least I could change my vista on occasion. In either case, one would need to go ashore to stretch and procure necessities. And most of the islands I've been aboard performed rather poorly at sea. I haven't found one that points as high as *MoonWind*, or covers as many miles in a day.

The weather, in Connecticut, remains grey and mild. It hasn't varied much from late October. Bouts of frost, followed by sunny weather in the fifties. Rather unseasonably warm, but most of us don't complain.

Traipsed about Mystic yesterday with my sister and our cousin, poking into little shops, exclaiming at the novelties and memorabilia, awed by the occasional work of art. By four o'clock, a bit chilled, we stopped at Mystic Seaport and enjoyed hot coffee and nosed among the nautical books and gifts. An unproductive day doing nothing wears on the spirit.

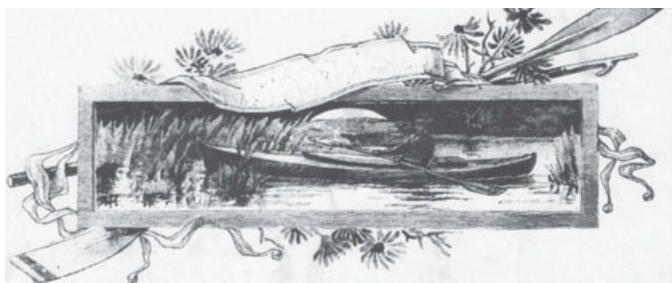
After stopping for groceries, finally went home to eat and drink and sit by the fire and chat. My sister insisted her cats devour broccoli and asparagus with unbridled enthusiasm. Our cats sniffed politely at asparagus and looked at us with their heads cocked to one side, wondering what new game we meant them to play. Leftover turkey they received with more forbearance.

Perhaps it's all a matter of presentation. Most of us find ourselves offered all manner of gross, unpalatable matter: unsuitable tasks, onerous employment, tedious chores, over exacting friendship. We smile politely and swallow what is offered. Not until we regain our private lives do we choke on the bones.

Brought my mainsheet home and ran it through the wash. Then I soaked it a couple of days in a strong solution of fabric softener, hoping to render it supple. Today I shall put it through a rinse cycle and then into the dryer.

It's half past six and The Pusslet has come to tell me it's time for breakfast. The day has begun, though it won't be light for a while. I've gotten both fires roaring from only a handful of embers. The oil furnace contributes its share with a rumble from the basement. The thermometer reads 20°. The darkness envelops the dawn. At half past five, the stars shone fiercely, glinting on the frost.

Tomorrow, winter begins. This whirling earth begins to tilt toward the sun. But the worst of the bitter weather is yet to come. I feel reluctant to hunker down and submit, yet I am not a lover of cold and snow. Perhaps next winter, I'll sail *MoonWind* south. I could give a series of readings about the Chesapeake, work my slow way down the Carolinas. Every book I sell will bring me \$7, enough to pay to eat another day. Were it only that simple! I imagine I can work part time at something betwixt my literary endeavors. Ideally, I could sail and write and work my way to warm weather. I understand that the mermaids on the Outer Banks don't usually wear sweaters.



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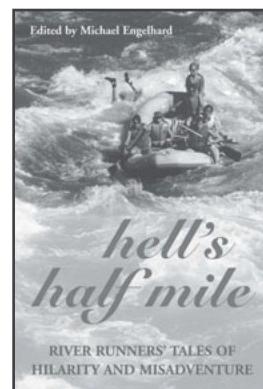
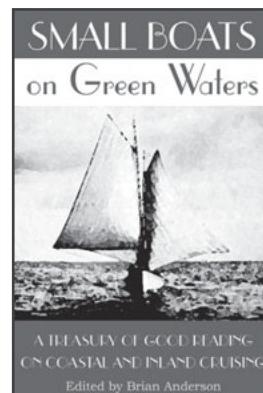
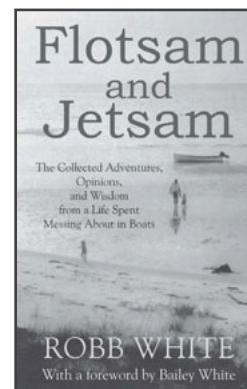
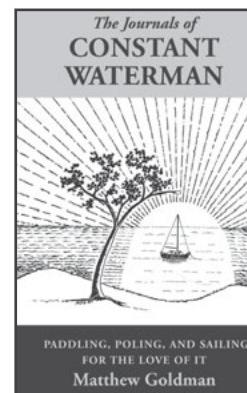
April 21st & 22nd

Show your boat, look at boats, race or just mess about and have fun in the Florida sun and friendly bay waters. Free on-site camping. Registration fees, details and activities schedule will soon be found on <http://fgctasca.weebly.com>
Contact Cindy Pitt, FGCTSCA Secretary/Registrar
cpitt001@tampabay.rr.com

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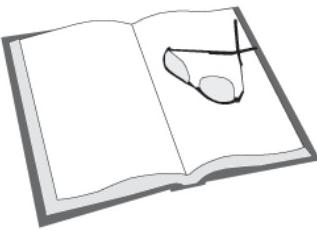
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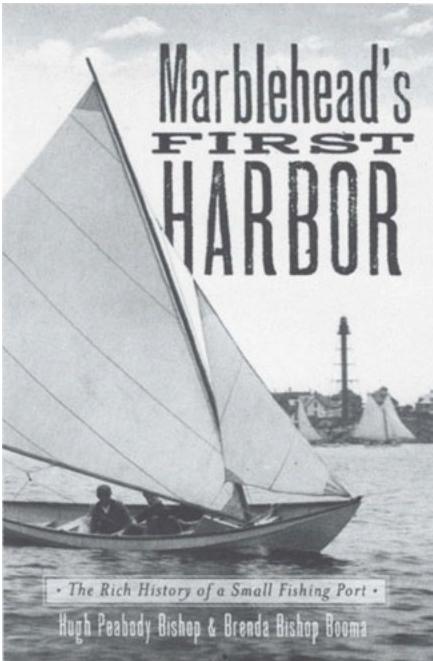


Book Review

Marblehead's First Harbor

By Hugh Peabody Bishop and Brenda Bishop Booma
www.marbleheadsfirstharbor.com
Published 2011 by The History Press
Charleston, SC 29403
www.historypress.net
ISBN 978-1-60949-497-1

Reviewed by Chuck Yahrling



Known as First Harbor, and later Little Harbor, the "small inlet nestled between Fort Sewall and Peaches Point" has long been overshadowed by Marblehead, Mass-

sachusetts' largest harbor, now a premiere yachting center and harbor on the East Coast. But originally the small port known as Little Harbor was the main attraction and the locus of the original Marblehead fishing fleet. That fleet was the dominant fishing fleet in the period between the Revolutionary War and the middle of the 19th century, having more fishermen than nearby Gloucester. Marblehead, incidentally, also lays claim to being the birthplace of the US Navy.

This book by Hugh Bishop and his sister Brenda recalls the 20th century life and fishing culture of Little Harbor and centers on the fisherman he and constant sidekick Dave Hildreth knew and admired as small boys. Both went on to professional fishing careers of no small accomplishment. The stories of boyhood efforts to help the men of the harbor and eventually to start out fishing out of their first small rowboats paints a romantic view of a simple life in the early 20th century. Many excellent vintage photos are included along with extracts from maps which depict the harbor's proximity to local and offshore fishing grounds. After a thorough account of the careers of himself, Dave and some local and legendary names in the fishing community, it ends with his retirement from fulltime fishing and includes an epilogue recounting the fates of the more prominent characters introduced throughout the book, many still extant.

In all there are 38 chapters (297 pages) plus a prologue, epilogue and bibliography. The individual chapters range from 15 pages down to a half dozen or so pages which provide a thorough treatment of each chapter's theme. The writing style is relaxed and conversational and came across to me as both humble and respectful of the dangers and rewards of a fishing life. Poetic without being presumptuous would sum it up, I think.

Personalities and topics covered which most interested me include: Bob Brown (Perfect Storm), Bill Garnos (Fatal Forecast), boat builder Sonny Hodgdon (including several pictures of boats under construction at his Maine yard), the local Graves Boatyard, Starling Burgess' aircraft factory (both important to the WWI materials effort), Ted Hood's early years and eventual acquisition of the defunct Burgess factory, and many more interesting facts and background pieces of information sure to be of interest to messers in general. For me the book tied together information gathered from many other books, and I think it is a valuable resource just for that alone, as well being as a trove of Marblehead lore.

An important theme the authors develop is the evolution of fishing inshore from small boats and simple gear to the necessity to build bigger boats to go further offshore with more advanced gear as the inshore fishery became depleted. Without being the least bit preachy about it the authors lay out the facts of fishing life as it was and as it is now and leave the reader to his own conclusions. I'll do the same but suggest to potential readers that here is a book which helps to understand the non-factory fisherman's position on current overfishing issues.

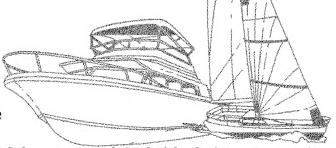
In summary, I found this book to be an enjoyable and informative read and would recommend it to the MAIB readership (even though my copy had been loaned to me by one of the key characters in the book).

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Lake Pepin Messabout

The Lake Pepin Messabout will be June 1-3 in Lake City, Minnesota. It is open to all amateur-built watercraft, meeting at Hok-Si-La campground on Lake Pepin. Admission is free. For event information: <http://lakapepin-messabout.com>

Bill Paxton, Apple Valley, MN

Classic Boat Show and Small Craft Festival

The 31st annual boat show at the Michigan Maritime Museum will be held June 16 afloat and onshore in conjunction with South Haven, Michigan's HarborFest Classic. Traditional small craft (row, paddle, sail and motor) will be featured with demonstrations and speakers throughout the day as well as toy boat building for kids.

Questions to boat show coordinator, Sandy Bryson, at sbryson@msu.edu. For more information and registration forms go to www.MichiganMaritimeMuseum.org.



Information of Interest...

Tumblehome Boatshop Re-Opens

Reuben Smith's Tumblehome Boatshop is again open for business. Most recently Reuben has been employed at Hall's Boat Shop on Lake George. Prior to that he operated his first Tumblehome Boatshop shop in Duxbury, Massachusetts, and also worked at the nearby Hull Lifesaving Museum boat shop. Reuben will focus on the restoration, repair, and new construction of classic and historic wooden boats.

Located in a 6,000+sf building on Rt 28 in New York's southern Adirondacks, with easy access from I-87 and Lake George, New York, the boatshop will be a bustle of activity and craftsmanship. We're building a website now while we begin renovation on the building. Google Reuben's Tumblehome Boatshop and join our email list to stay informed about activities and events at the shop.

Cynde Smith, Reuben's Boatshop

All About Sailing

I wish to let you and the readers know about a new website I've started at <http://cfytech24x7.wordpress.com>. It's all about sailing my O'Day 20 *Second Sight* on Maine's Penobscot Bay out of Searsport and Stock-

ton harbors. There are several videos of local cruises, an interview with the captain of a Herreshoff boat at a symposium in Castine, Maine, and a few shorts on mods and maintenance on *Second Sight*. I hope some *MAIB* readers will get some enjoyment from the site and will feel free to blog on it and/or contact me for information or perhaps a Penobscot Bay get together this coming season.

Dylan Winter, mentioned in *MAIB* before, has been very helpful getting me started on my site by offering his expert advice on cameras and film editing as well as website tips. Let me suggest a visit to his excellent website <http://keepturningleft.co.uk> which is currently featuring videos of his recent construction of a sailing duck punt, which make it look so easy you'll probably want to build one yourself!

All the videos are viewable for free in small format, SD, and a quarterly membership of \$5 gets HD access, including unlimited downloads. Or, DVDs can be bought of any of past seasons' sailing quite reasonably. It's the best sailing on the web!

Chuck Yahrling, cfytech24x7@gmail.com

More About Dyarchy, The Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter Owners Association, and Pill: The Village of Pilots

On Page 37 of the December 2011 issue in the article *A Manual For Small Yachts*, Fig 11 shows plans of *Dyarchy*, Mr Roger Pinckney's cutter of 24 tons T.M. This ex-Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter is the progenitor of the many Bristol Channel Cutters that have been built for generations of world cruising sailors.

The Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter Owners Association (BCPCOA)<http://bcpcoa.comAndex.html> states "Bristol Channel Pilot Cutters are generally seen as the most successful fore and aft rigged boats built during the age of sail..." These cutters are the serendipitous combination of roominess, seaworthiness, weatherliness, handiness, and sea kindliness.

The photograph of *Dyarchy* on a fast reach shows some of these features; the many blocks, lines and small sails that made it possible to sail these cutters (that were up to 60' long) manned by only a captain, "a boy" and a pilot. *Dyarchy* measured 41' on deck, 12'-9" beam, 7' draft. *Dyarchy* is now gone, but according to the BCPCOA, there are still an estimated 18 Bristol Channel Pilot Cutters surviving.

On the BCPCOA website is a photograph of the town of Pill in its heyday with many cutters in the creek. All have their bowsprits hauled in. These were generally mounted to starboard, just off the centerline. This is still an attractive feature that makes anchoring easier and saves a bundle in today's marina leases.

Dyarchy was built in 1901 by one John Cooper, shipwright, (no relationship!) in Pill on the Avon River. Two generations of Coopers built cutters in Pill from 1862 to 1905. Pill, the Village of Pilots was once home to 21 public houses (pubs) and was known as being a rough place, to the extent

that the founder of the Methodist Church, John Wesley, says in an entry in his journals for October 3, 1755, "I rode over to Pill, a place famous from generation to generation, even as Kingswood itself, for stupid, brutal, abandoned wickedness."

Some of the denizens of Robert Summer's "Shiver Me Timbers" would be very happy in Pill's Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter days, but not today when there are only five pubs!

John W. Cooper, San Antonio, TX, jcooper@stic.net



Opinions...

More Discussion on Race Safety

Better late than never to hear the other side of the Hull Snow Row story, and I am very pleased to hear that Mr McCabe and his organization do not neglect the issue of safety at the event (see "Safety at the Snow Row, You write to us..." in the February issue). Not having been present at the 2011 event (nor will I be there this year, though I thank Mr McCabe for his invitation), and having no source of information except the story you published last May, I do regret that my sentence, "It appears to me that there was significant neglect here," seemed to point at the Lifesaving Museum. I didn't intend to direct it at anyone in particular, since I did not know who it should be directed at, but my point was that it must be understood by somebody that they failed to do what they should have done, because if not, this type of incident will repeat and repeat.

Therefore, I would like to continue the discussion about how and why the incident occurred, because the best way to learn how to avoid industrial accidents is to analyze incidents that actually happened, and I'm sure the same applies to nautical accidents. The following comments are not intended as an argument with Mr McCabe, but for consideration by all involved in water sports, particularly competitive events.

1) I cannot fault the instructions Mr McCabe says he gave to the participants. However, I have had the experience of giving instructions to competitors standing right in front of me, then finding later that they had no recollection at all of what I had said. The younger they are, and the more excited to race they are, the less they take in. You just can't believe it until you experience it (maybe school teachers know all about it).

2) I have also found by experience that safety rules, even if clearly stated on appli-

cation information, emphasized at pre race meetings and easily complied with, are likely to be ignored if not enforced by the organizers. Again, bizarre but true.

3) Taking Mr McCabe's words at face value, it appears that the crew that swamped was in an inappropriate boat and lacked experience and thus an understanding of what they were getting into. It is not stated whether the crew were part of a club, what safety training the club had provided or whether they had bailers or life jackets on board. Perhaps Mr McCabe doesn't have that information, but I believe that, for an event of this nature, the organizers should make it their business to know, a week before the race, whether every crew is properly prepared.

4) The type of training Mr McCabe describes as "drownproofing" is the most important element in ensuring freedom from bad endings to incidents such as the one in question, and it probably reduces the frequency of such incidents, too. There should be a published standard for such training and training to the standard should be held at all clubs, then all competitors in events such as the Snow Row should be required to have gone through such training. Perhaps the Hull Lifesaving Museum would like to take the lead in preparing such a standard?

Peter R. Jepson, Newbury, MA

Working With Our Hands

While I never walked behind a horse pulling a farm implement, your "Commentary" in the February issue hit home. I learned about automobile repair (engine, body, transmission, etc) working with my father keeping our old vehicles running. I still do the minor stuff on our '73 Ford and '70 Caddie. What occasioned this note was learning about a new VHF connector (between the antenna and radio) that does not require soldering. It seems that there is a generation of those who boat who do not know basic soldering and cannot do so with an antenna lead. Thus, there is now a "crushable connector" for the ground wire and "solid fit" for the center wire. How well this set up will work in the long run is another consideration.

Perhaps the book you reviewed should be read in high school after the students had basic shop in junior high?

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Projects...

Piscataqua Progress

We are making good progress towards completion of the *Piscataqua* (see "A Great Day for the *Piscataqua*" in February issue). The giant oak tree for the stump mast was donated by Jim Aaron and delivered to Paul Rollin's shop last month and Paul is just getting started on the laminated spruce yard. Meanwhile, sailmaker Nat Wilson has started sewing our sail in his East Boothbay loft. We expect to assemble the rig and have the tabernacle set up by late March in time for inspection and sea trials with the Coast Guard in April.

Take a look on our website (www.gundalow.org) at Ralph Morang's video of the day we took *Piscataqua* out to check the engine and you'll get a glimpse of what she can do!

Molly Bolster, The Gundalow Co, Portsmouth, NH

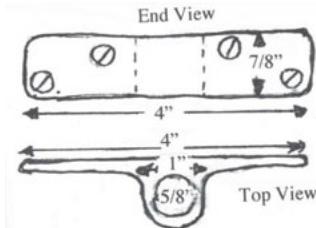
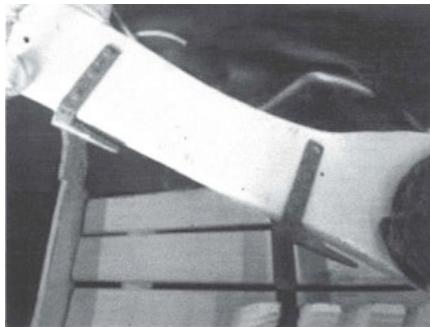
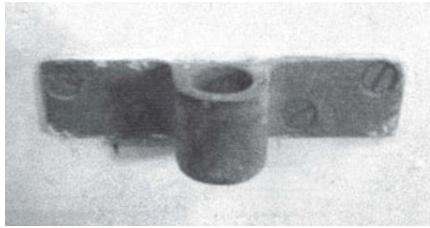
Gudgeons and Pintles Wanted

One of the great things about NYC's fleet of Whitehall gigs is that the rudders are all alike, but now we need to buy more hardware and no one on our usual list of suppliers has any!

I invite interested readers to check their marine hardware sources for gudgeons and pintles as shown in these photos and drawing to help us assemble 10-20 sets to help keep the gigs maintained in good shape. They need to be a match to what's on the drawing.

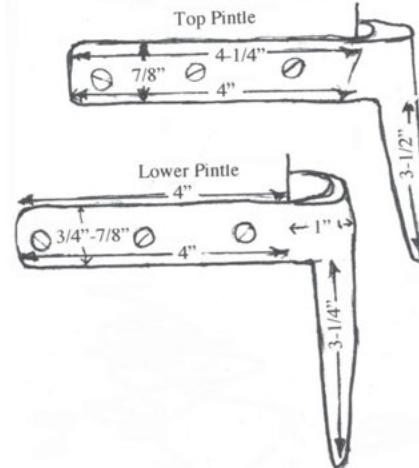
The originals were cast by Wilcox Crittenten in Middletown, Connecticut, and were purchased in multiple sets by Floating the Apple beginning around 1992.

Mary Nell Hawk, East River CREW (Community Recreation & Education on the Water), mnhwk96@gmail.com



Gudgeon Spacing 10-3/4" Inside Between Upper & Lower on Rudder

1" Rudder Width for Both Pintles



Avid Amateur Boat Builder

I have recently discovered your magazine and would like to get a subscription for my husband who is an avid amateur boat builder, now on his third. Here are pictures of "our fleet."

Bettina Speyer, Ardsley on Hudson, NY



Like No Other

Here is a picture of my boat, a Scott freighter canoe set up like no other, as you can see. I'd love to bring her down and take you all for an afternoon cruise on the Merrimack or other nearby river.

Tim Jennings, Canaan, NH

Editor Comments: Come spring we'll do that, Tim.



This Magazine..

Welcome and Refreshing Relief

Thank you so much for bringing us such a great magazine. With all of the craziness, vapid pablum and downright stupidity in the modern media your publication is a welcome and refreshing relief.

I am working on my 10th and 11th boats, a 9'6" Northumbrian Coble by Paul Fisher and my 4th Kidyak by Glen L.

Marc Bourassa, N. Andover, MA

About That Small Print

I just discovered your magazine a few months ago at the library in Landrum, South Carolina, near where we live in North Carolina, while waiting for my wife, who was next door. I am in the process of beginning a wood boat like Mr Payson's canoe but more like a

Cajun canoe as we lived in New Orleans for the last 25 years and moved to North Carolina two years ago. We did have a Newport 17 that we sailed on Lake Ponchartrain.

After reading the three introductory issues you offer as a trial subscription I can see that you really connect with your boating readers and I recognize some of your writers and advertisers such as Glen-L Boats, Dynamite Payson and Phillip Bolger. (I just sent for a H.H. Payson catalogue and Dennis sent me a hand printed note with the catalog, a little extra work but a nice touch.)

I can appreciate your 60 pages of interesting reading and thus the reason for small print but please remember those of us who are older have eyes that are lucky to be able to read the directions on a pancake box or pill bottle let alone 60 pages of small print. The black and white pictures are fine.

Ron Wolff, Mill Spring, NC

Editor Comments: Sorry about that small print, I look at it putting together each issue and get along OK despite 82-year-old eyeballs. In the overall interest of maximizing the amount of information in each issue I stay with the 9pt Times typeface.

MAIB Archive Available

May you continue publishing MAIB for many more years. I really enjoy reading each and every issue and truly admire your ability to publish such an interesting magazine all these years. Please find my renewal check enclosed for the 2012 subscription.

I have been a subscriber since 1985. I have collected and saved every issue (but about four or five) for all these many years. They are all safe and sound in two watertight plastic boxes. Over the years my wife Mary has asked countless times what I was going to do with "those things." I kept telling her that when I finally move to a nursing home or was forced to spend an extended stay in a hospital that I planned to read them all again, one issue each and every day. After finishing the last one I could be released or the Master Mariner could call me home. Well, like many things in life, there have been some complications.

We moved this last year from a large four bedroom, two car garage to a modest two bedroom, one car duplex home about four miles away. The new place is just right for us senior citizens but is half the size of our old home of 30 years. We had to do some serious downsizing to get into this new place and there is more downsizing to do. Mary seems to have this expectation of being able to actually park a car in the garage. Some more "stuff" will have to go and I am afraid that includes 27 years of MAIB.

If any reader is interested in these past editions in their boxes I would be willing to pass them on for only the cost of transporting them to the new owner.

John Zohlen, 2546 N Haven Cove, Annapolis, MD 21401-6894



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In Memoriam..

Dick Berg

One of your long time subscribers and contributors, my uncle Dick Berg, passed away last November at age 90. I thought some of your MAIB readers would be interested:

Dick Berg was a decorated WWII veteran in the Pacific Theater and served on the *USS Mahogany*. He was a devoted husband and father, a successful gardener and a great reader, but his lifelong passion was boats. He enjoyed building them as much as being out on the water in them. He built his first boat with his dad as a child.

His second boat was a "car topper" boat. A pattern maker friend had built a "car topper" boat in the '50s and offered the use of the molds to Dick. He built one and inspired a half dozen different people to also build boats off these molds. I'm told that numerous anchors were also cast due to connections his pattern maker friend had. The boat is back in the family and owned by his son today.

One year his wife, Anita, received a present of a canvas covered canoe kit. My aunt chuckled when she told me this today. I remember the canoe being used in Maine.

Dick also built a 19' Snipe in his garage in the '60s and he used it on Long Lake in Maine for many years. Over time Dick began sailing a Sunfish and a Chrysler Mutineer to compete with other sailors. Even in his 80s he was racing his sailboat against much younger sailors. The Snipe went through a number of owners and came back to him in the 1990s and was used on Great East Lake in New Hampshire. Later Dick gave it to me. My boys and I restored it and it's now on North Pond in Maine.

Growing up it was always fun to visit Dick and study the current boat under construction. Eventually my Dad and I built a rowboat, too.

Dick was a longtime volunteer at the *USS Constitution* Museum in Charlestown, Massachusetts, while living in Beverly, Massachusetts. Later he moved to Rochester, New Hampshire, and volunteered at the WWII Wright Museum in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire. A mechanical engineer by profession, he continued to design and build

jigs and fixtures to help him with his current project. He built numerous boat models from these jigs over the years.

Dick will be remembered for his love of all things to do with boats and building. He was a great inspiration to me, and I was glad I could pass that love on boats on to my sons. Dick always instilled the confidence in others that they could not only enjoy boats, but build them themselves. So get your kids into the shop and make something with them, the lessons and enjoyment will last a lifetime.

The two pictures show the Snipe during restoration with my boys, and Dick in a stitch and glue kayak and me in a replica Atka Island baidarka which my sons and I also built.

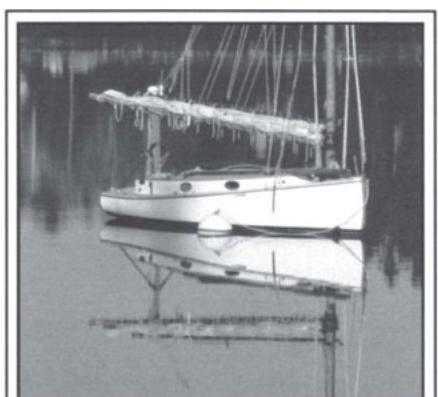
Larry Gaspar, Byfield, MA



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It is with a heavy heart that I write this most difficult note I have ever written. Dan Sutherland, our dear friend and much admired boatyard program manager for the past five years, passed away unexpectedly on Saturday, February 18, 2012, of apparent heart failure. He was 47 years old. Dan was taken to Memorial Hospital by ambulance but they were unable to revive him.

Those who had the privilege of knowing Danny, especially those who worked with him or learned small boat building from him, always will remember Danny as an enormously talented craftsman, a patient teacher who generously shared and demonstrated his skills with old and young alike and, fundamentally, just a great guy who was fun to be around and who never took himself too seriously.

This news is terribly hard on the boat shop on so many levels. Danny was a true craftsman, skilled in so many ways, but more than that he was a great friend to us. Marc Barto and I have known Danny for well over 20 years. I was, and still am, thrilled to have had Danny working in our shop.

He is very well known nationally as a boat builder but also as one of the best judges of Antique and Classic boats in the country. Danny was the world's foremost expert on the boats of the famous 19th century designer and builder, J.H. Rushton, from whose designs he built over 50 boats during his lifetime. Danny was recognized by

Dan Sutherland Dies Unexpectedly

By Richard Scofield

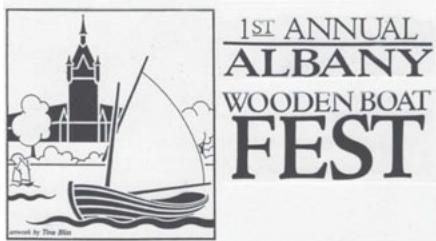
Assistant Curator of Watercraft
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum

those who know wooden boats well as unsurpassed when it came to building small, lapstrake boats.

Our heartfelt condolences go out to Dan's family, his two children, Storm and Sky, and his longtime companion, Patti Diamond.



Dan Sutherland and a few of his co-workers at the transom of the skipjack *Rosie Parks*. From left: Assistant Curator of Watercraft Richard Scofield, Boat Yard Program Manager Dan Sutherland, Vessel Maintenance Assistant Don MacLeod, and Project Manager Marc Barto.—David Harp, chesapeakephotos.com



In 1989 I published Dan Sutherland's story on how he came to be the builder of his grandfather's Sutherland Trout Boat (see following pages) and in 1990 I got to know him a bit at the Albany Wooden Boat Fest. Danny was one of the crew at North River Boatworks at the time, a crew that undertook to organize the festival on the Albany waterfront. It was a great grassroots success. I reported on it in depth in the September 1, 1990 issue.

At the time we were still underwater financially at MAIB, so I drove to Albany in a 1973 Plymouth muscle car (temporary transportation at the time) planning to sleep in it overnight on the weekend. When Danny heard of this he would not permit it and invited me to bunk at his bachelor pad in a quite raucous section of greater downtown Schenectady. The all night urban street scene outside his windows was a new experience for this country boy but it sure beat curling up in the big Plymouth's backseat!

Shortly after the show Danny left North River to open his own shop back in western New York from whence he came, Sutherland Boat & Coach. The "coach" part referred to his work on "woodie" beach wagon bodies, which subsequently led him to the mahogany runabout game and connections with the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York. As he increasingly focused on that aspect of messing about in boats with its much more financially rewarding work we sadly lost touch.

In the Beginning or Shortly Thereafter...1990

By Bob Hicks



The folks from Albany's very own inner city boatshop, North River Boatworks, who made the 1990 Albany Wooden Boat Festival happen so successfully. From left are Howard Mittleman, Dan Sutherland, Richard Tearoe, Ellen Nooney, Afra Nahmmacher and Cloud Kennedy.

Scenes from the show on the river (Hudson). Dan Sutherland docks his *Ernest S* (named for his boat builder grandfather and mentor) and helps Marc Barto carry his Melonseed *Emily B* down the gangplank.

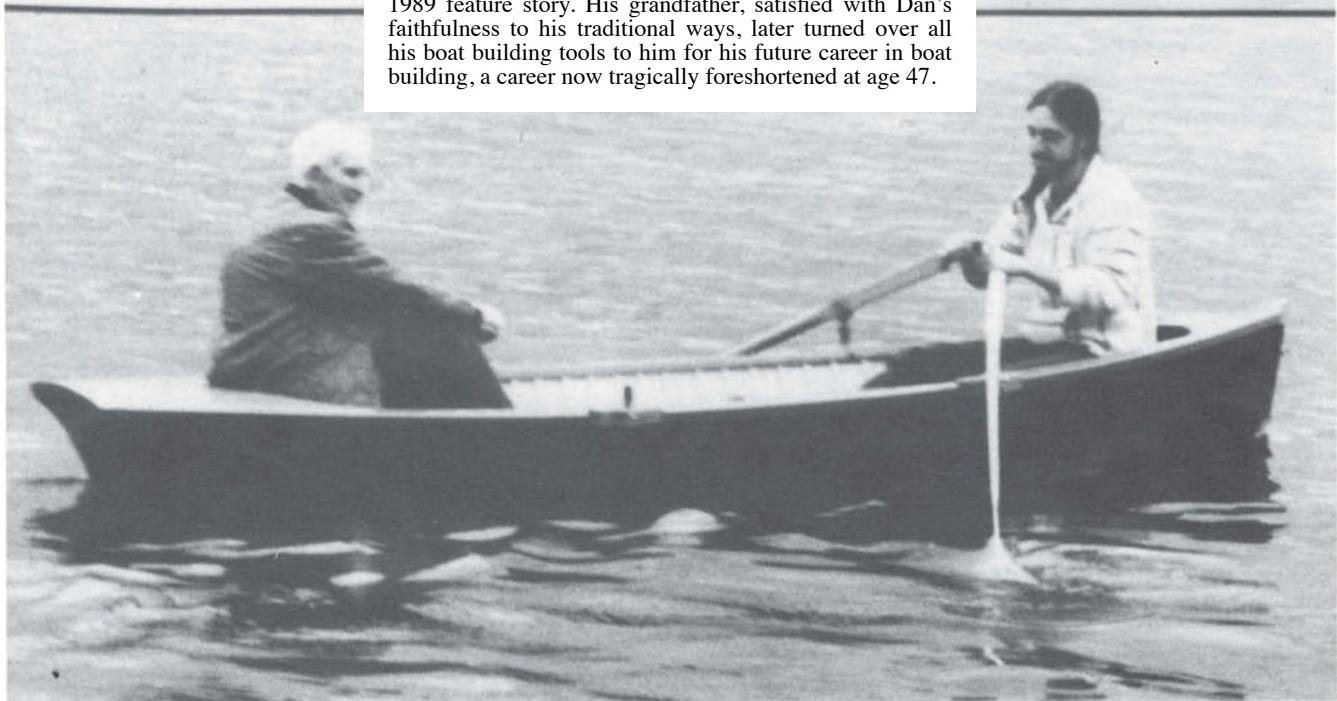


The History of the Sutherland Trout Boat



How Dan Sutherland's Boatbuilding Career was Launched

Dan Sutherland told readers of *Messing About in Boats* about his following in his grandfather's footsteps in this 1989 feature story. His grandfather, satisfied with Dan's faithfulness to his traditional ways, later turned over all his boat building tools to him for his future career in boat building, a career now tragically foreshortened at age 47.



Top: Ernest Sutherland in younger days on the lake in a Trout Boat. Bottom: Now 92, Ernest enjoys his first outing in the new replica with builder, grandson Daniel.

This unique small boat was developed for the specific conditions found in trout fishing on three of the Finger Lakes of New York. The central of the three lakes, and home to most of the boat builders, is Keuka Lake; to the west is Canandaigua Lake; and to the east, the largest of the lakes, is Seneca Lake. For as long as people have populated these

waters, they have fished for the large lake trout that live here.

In the 1860's, Seth Green, a local ecologist who had founded the nation's first fish hatchery in Rochester, N.Y., developed a specific fishing rig for these waters. The Seth Green Rig consists of about one hundred feet of line, with five tiers of trailing spoons set at eight foot intervals and a one

pound weight at the end. With this improved rig, the fishermen had a better chance at catching the trout, which ranged in various depths due to water temperature. Fishing not only fed their families, but became an important commercial enterprise. Selling fish to local inns and at the fish markets supplemented the income of many of the families on the lakes.



Top: Hull ready for shutter plank. Bottom: "Ernest S" and "Catherine" at rest ashore, named for builder Sutherland's grandparents.

Early on, fishing was done from traditional double-ended boats constructed by local builders. As the Seth Green Rig became commonplace, the builders, including H. J. Sutherland, began to redesign the boats to accommodate it. The sheer line aft was lowered, leaving six inches of free board, allowing the trolling lines to be run off the stern of the boat without any interference. Due to the rough waters found in these long, deep lakes, a round shaped, carvel-planked hull was developed to allow these 12' - 14' boats to rise over the rough waves.

Between 1900 and 1906, H. J. Sutherland began to build boats, and started to design his transom-sterned trout boat.

Henry, a fisherman, wanted a boat that not only suited the Seth Green Rig, but also performed well in the difficult conditions on the lakes. He developed a "wine-glass" shaped transom, which gave the boat a great deal of reserve buoyancy, while remaining essentially double-ended below the water line. This allowed the boat an easy motion, and it could in fact be rowed in either direction. This enabled lines to be retrieved that were caught on the bottom, yet the boats retained the ability to rise above the rough waters.

From 1906 to 1914, Henry had more than fifty of his trout boats upon the Branchport, or northwestern, end of Keuka Lake. During that time period,

Henry also developed and built many "one lung" engine powered launches. Often a launch would tow half a dozen or better trout boats to another part of the lake to fish. At the end of the night they would regroup, and be towed back to town to sell their catch. Henry's reputation as a builder was such that he once built an order of twenty launches that were shipped by train to a dealer in Syracuse, N.Y. His son, Ernest, was often put to work after school to help out in the boat shop. Upon Henry's death, Ernest carried on boat building, as well as other odd jobs, to support his mother and siblings.

One winter, Ernest had a tremendous output of twelve trout boats for local fishermen. With the coming of WW1, though, Ernest went to work for Curtis Airplane Company on the southern end of Keuka Lake. After the war, he continued mechanical and machinist work, building but a few more boats. Ernest's son, Carlyle, spent a few summers during high school and college working for an uncle who also built a few trout boats.

By the time I, Ernest's grandson, became interested in boat building, the remaining family trout boat had been sold off. Ernest felt that a local fisherman would put the boat to better use than all the grandchildren who played roughly. I had heard about the boats for years and had always wanted to locate one of them and to rebuild it. In 1988, I ran into Mark Warden of Dresden, N.Y. He had collected an assortment of local wooden boats and thought he might have a trout boat stored in a barn. I took the boat to my grandfather, Ernest, who said that the boat was a copy of our style, but not the same. Using that boat as a place to start, Ernest and I began to loft and reconstruct the

shape of their original boat. Through the winter of 1988-89, I began to build the replica of the Sutherland Trout Boat, working nights and weekends at the North River BoatWorks, Albany, N.Y.

Built in lightweight carvel construction, the boat was built rightside-up. Battens were stretched over the mold and every other rib was put in place, fastened to the keel and gunwales. The planking style was laid out with the lower edge of most planks being a straight line. With six of the eight planks all the same, a boat could be planked up very quickly. The mold stations were divided into eight equal parts. At each station on the plank, the width was measured directly from the mold and a batten was run to a fair curve for the upper part of the planking. The two planks for the turn of the bilge required a curve on the lower edges as well, measured out as the upper curves were. Once planked, the rest of the ribs were put in and the boat could then be fitted out. One of these boats can now be finished in about one

hundred and fifty hours.

I launched my new trout boat Memorial Day weekend on Keuka Lake at my grandparent's lakeside home. The boat was named *Catherine* after my grandmother. My grandfather, Ernest, went over the boat thoroughly and spoke of only two discrepancies from the original boats. He said that the smaller 12' boats only had one oarlock location, so that when you rowed with two people, the person in the aft seat rowed backwards. The other difference was that the skeg wasn't rounded enough to allow for easy beaching, since the boats always came in aft first.

Ernest and I were the first out in *Catherine*, with about two dozen relatives watching from the shore. Ernest was surely pleased with the performance of the boat. Over the following weekends he went out many a time, and for a ninety-one year old man, he has to be one of the best rowers I have ever seen! He rows with ease, paced and effortlessly, always moving right along. I have since equipped *Catherine* with a fishing rig, true

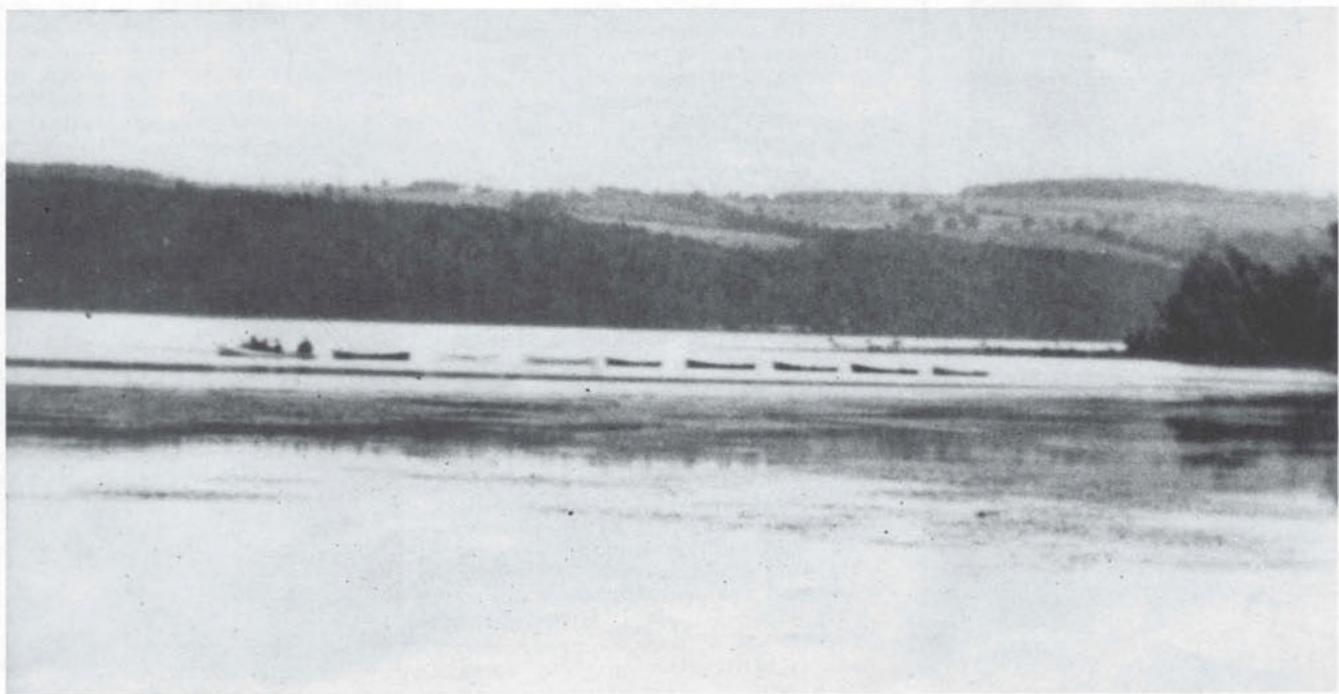
to the original trout boats. I hope to spend time with Ernest learning the proper use of the rig and the rowing techniques required for fishing from this boat.

I would like to acknowledge the help of Marissa Truax, Ian and Donna Arnot, and the support of North River BoatWorks of Albany, N.Y. in the revival of a family tradition.

North River BoatWorks is proud to say that *Catherine* has gotten a lot of use in the past few months, both with family and friends. We are now producing the Sutherland Trout Boat along with the rest of our line of traditional wooden rowing boats. The trout boat is 11'9", with a beam of 39" and weighs 85 pounds. The boat is selling for \$3,200.00. In addition, we have just acquired a turn of the century one lung engine and are planning the construction of a Sutherland Launch in the near future.

Daniel R. Sutherland
partner, North River BoatWorks
Albany, N.Y.

A Sutherland Launch pulling a string of Trout Boats out for a day of fishing.



The sixth bi-annual US/UK Challenge Cup Regatta was held on October 1 and 2 (New York's Central Park), and October 8 and 9 (Redd's Pond, Marblehead, Massachusetts). This series, initiated in 2001 by Jeff Stobbe working with Graham Reeves in the UK, is a team event, sailed in 36R Class freesailors.

This year it was the US's turn to host and Jeff thought that, rather than bring the Brits to Spreckels Lake again, we should try some new East Coast venues. Homeland Security ruled out the reflecting pond at the Lincoln Memorial, so Conservatory Lake in Central Park, Manhattan, was chosen and Redd's Pond in Marblehead, Massachusetts, the birthplace of the M-Class. What, you didn't know that M stood for Marblehead?

Freesailing is still occasionally done on Redd's Pond, but Central Park hasn't had a freesail event in 30 or more years. An enthusiastic turnout helped to make this the most enjoyable Challenge Cup yet. Many thanks to Marblehead's John Snow, who was the overall event coordinator in the US. Graham Reeves took on this responsibility in the UK. The teams were as follows:

UK TEAM

Graham Reeves, Bournville MYC

(team captain)

Martin Bandey, Gosport MYC,
Vintage MY Group

Allan Oxlade, Woodley MYC

Gareth Morgan, Vintage Model Yacht Group

Dave Nickson, Bournville MYC

Anthony Warren, Hampton Court MYC

US TEAM

Jeff Stobbe, SFMYC, (team captain)

Earl Boebert, SFMYC, Duke City MYC

Mary Rose Cassa, SFMYC
(Central Park only)

Gordon Leighton, SFMYC

Jim Linville, Minuteman MYC

Biff Martin, Marblehead MYC

Ernie Mortensen, SFMYC, San Diego MYC

Ed Schoenstein, SFMYC

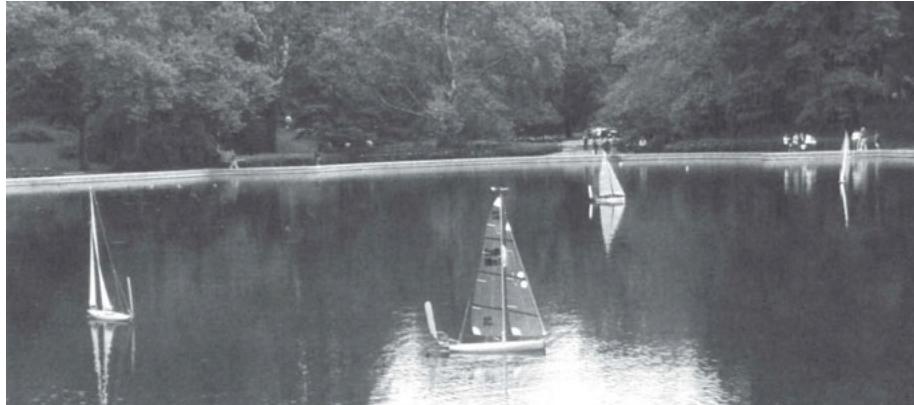
Julie Shryne, SFMYC, (Central Park only)

Colleen Stobbe, SFMYC

Mike Stobbe, SFMYC

Attentive readers will note that the two teams are of unequal size. To accommodate this, Mary Rose Cassa and Colleen Stobbe "volunteered" to sail on the British team, plus one US sailor took a "bye" on each round. The discrepancy was smaller at Redd's Pond, where Mary Rose and Julie didn't participate, so only Colleen sailed for the British there.

Free sailing in light air, boats in all directions.



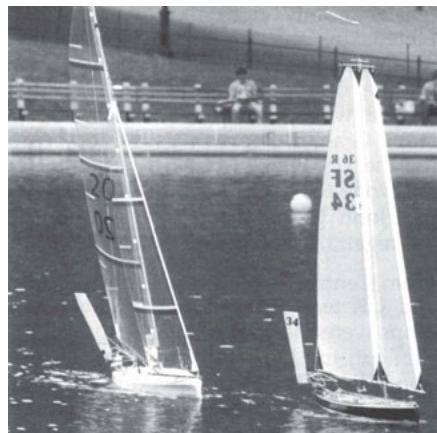
12 – Messing About in Boats, April 2012



John Tucker, Commodore of the Central Park MYC, acted as starter. The low water in the pond strained many a back.—Photos by Joseph Wojcik, Sheila Ryan and the UK Team

Racing on Saturday and Sunday was similar to a still life painting. It was a beautiful setting, with picturesque boats scattered all over the lake, going in no particular direction. The event attracted a lot of attention from the public, which had never seen anything like it, but the actual racing was very difficult because what little wind there was kept reversing direction or even going in circles.

The chief problem was trying to judge whether to trim the boat for a run or a beat. Most boards benefited from a reversal of trim enroute, sometimes more than once. The wind was so light and intermittent that only eight rounds were completed in the two days of racing. SFMYC's Julie Shryne had a perfect score on the first day. For both days, Mike Stobbe was the top scorer for the US team. Graham Reeves was the top scorer for the UK team. It was frustrating, but everyone took it in good humor and had fun. John Tucker did a great job running the regatta, assisted by Graham Reeves.



Mike Stobbe's "Best American" boat leads a UK competitor on the beat.

From Central Park to Marblehead, the US and UK teams mostly traveled together. Stops were made at: Mystic Seaport, Connecticut; the International Yacht Restoration School (IYRS) at Newport, Rhode Island; and the Herreshoff Marine Museum at Bristol, Rhode Island. At each, we were treated to private tours thanks to the organizational efforts of John Snow and Earl Boebert.

The high point of the tours was undoubtedly our visit to the Nat Herreshoff model room, conducted by Captain Nat's grandson, Halsey Herreshoff. We were shown everything from the very first vane-controlled models to the designs for the legendary J-Boats that raced for the America's Cup. By

Thursday, everyone was in the very picturesque town of Marblehead, ready to set up and practice on Redd's Pond the next morning. Most of us were staying at the Boston Yacht Club (Marblehead Station), which was a treat in itself.

Redd's Pond has been likened to the holy grail of model yachting in the United States. It is essentially where model yachting got started in this country and where the M-Class was born. It has a darker side, however. The pond, which is natural, not purpose built, was named for Wilmot Redd, who lived near the lake. She was unjustly accused of witchcraft during the hysteria of the Salem witch trials (Salem is just next door) and hanged as a witch in 1692. Her monument is at lakeside. It's a beautiful setting.

Redd's Pond is about the same size as Conservatory Lake in New York, at about 510' by 210'. It has concrete edging and a sidewalk at both ends and all along the west side, except where interrupted by low rocks in three or four places, which intrude 5'-10" into the lake. The middle portion of the west side is backed by a solid bank of trees. The east side of the pond is solid rock, rising up 5'-10" in rounded shapes interspersed with a few bushes at the water's edge.

Getting down to the water is difficult at best, impossible in some spots. The east side is more open than the west side, with scattered trees rising up to a Colonial era cemetery on Old Burial Hill. Marblehead MYC has no clubhouse.

The regatta at Redd's Pond was very ably conducted by Race Director Standley Goodwin, a long-time Marblehead freesailor until he became too old to manage the rocky side of the lake. Now he sticks to RC. John Snow also arranged for a couple of volunteers with extra long poles to fend boats off the rocks on the east side.

Racing on Saturday and Sunday revealed that free sailing on Redd's Pond is even more difficult than at Central Park. A light wind was primarily coming in over the southwest corner and blowing down the length of the rocky side. However, before reaching the north finish line, a lesser breeze coming in from the northwest corner usually blew the boats back.

The safer west side of the lake, away from the rocks, was dominated by a huge wind shadow caused by the solid line of trees, and persistently had zero wind. Actually, less than zero, it was more like a vacuum, sucking in boats that were being helplessly batted back and forth by the opposing winds further out in the lake. I figure Madam Redd has cursed the place.



By the rocks at Redd's.

As at Central Park, it took a long time to complete a round, and if we were lucky enough to be able to lay our hands on our boats, it usually took a complete retrim from

run to beat (or beat to run) to finish a board. It was also hard on the boats and on the sailors, as the rocks took their toll. Very challenging! The weather and the setting were beautiful though, and however much we grumbled, it was an enjoyable regatta.

John Snow arranged for a cocktail party at a historic old mansion in Marblehead on Friday night, and a regatta dinner at the Boston Yacht Club on Saturday, as well as lunches at lakeside both race days. The awards presentation took place at lakeside following Sunday's racing. Once again, the wind conditions limited the racing to just eight rounds over both days.

Participants and Race Committee recreate a 1930s photo of skippers on the rocks at Redd's Pond.



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The final tally combining both venues was US, 304 points, UK, 289 points. It is the first US win since the series was begun ten years ago! The silver cup will reside in the SFMYC for the next two years when, in 2013 we carry it back to England for the next challenge. The top three point scorers for the US team were Mike Stobbe, Biff Martin and Ed Schoensteiner.

The top three on the UK team were Graham Reeves, Martin Bandey and Allan Oxlade. Following the awards, John Snow invited everyone to his home in Marblehead for a steak and lobster dinner, a super way to top off a truly fantastic trip. Everyone is looking forward to the 2013 rematch in England.

Mystic River Boat House



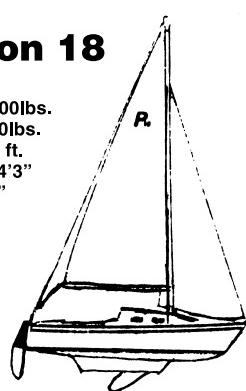
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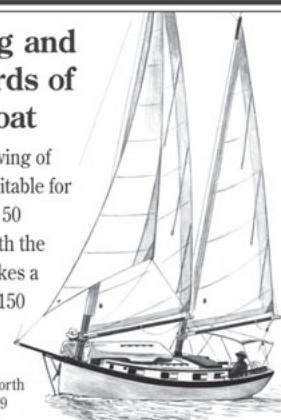
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In times past, old salts were known for spinning yarns about the sea. Sometimes I imagine myself being one of those old timers. I enjoy the opportunity to tell a story about a Wayfaring adventure.

On this occasion Jane and I were on the coast of Maine, attending the US and Canadian Wayfarer Association North American Rally at Hermit Island. It was the end of August, less than two weeks after our return from the Netherlands and Belgium.

My audience was our group of Wayfarer friends who traveled from distant parts of the US and Canada to take part in a week of camaraderie and great sailing on beautiful Casco Bay. At the skippers' meeting one morning, I saw the chance to have some fun. We were supposed to be discussing sailing plans for the day. But first I decided to make believe I was back at the International Rally in Friesland. No one was expecting this.

Holding up the sailing chart of Friesland, I began my act. None would be able discern any detail, but as a group they could follow my finger as I traced the route of our week-long travels. To the unfamiliar, the maze of countless waterways shown in blue, a web of canals connecting one lake after another, was surely mind boggling. I knew, at least momentarily, I had everyone's attention.

Our first day on the water was a free sail. The principal part of the rally, the cruise, had not yet started. Jane and I arrived in Heeg (pronounced Hage) two days prior. To do something different, we came by train from Dusseldorf instead of going through Amsterdam.

Following the long transatlantic flight, the train ride was kind of stressful. It entailed multiple changes between several local routes. The trains were pokier and the process more complicated than I had anticipated. In spite of that, riding the train was a new and intriguing experience.

Passing through northern Germany and the Netherlands exposed us to a countryside with sights far different than anything at home. We were already getting excited about this adventure, except there was little opportunity to close our eyes. As chief navigator, it was good I had managed to catch some sleep on the plane. We were in a strange country, unaccustomed to the trains and challenged to decipher the postings at the stations. Thankfully, along the way we encountered a num-

Atalanta in Heegerwal.



14 – Messing About in Boats, April 2012

Adventures in the Netherlands

By Dick Harrington
rmharrington@sbcglobal.net
US Wayfarer Association
Cruising Secretary



Dick and Jane sailing *Swiebertje*.

ber of nice people who spoke English and were willing to help with directions.

The sky was mixed, with more clouds than blue, threatening possible rain. But what most impressed Jane and me was the chilly 18-20kt breeze coming up from the south. The Heegameer was rolling. Hard to fathom, we were wearing fall-weight fleece jackets beneath our oilies. It was July! We'd just arrived from the US where temperatures hovered around plus 30°C (90°F to 100°F) for weeks.

Though I should have known better, we weren't prepared. Luckily, the day before Jane reluctantly agreed to upgrade her gear. Her new heavy-duty Netherlands style sailing fleece was an unplanned expenditure, but a wise decision. So now we were prepared for the Friesland weather.

Ton Jaspers was the skipper that day. Ton is a big husky guy. So with the three of us in his Wayfarer *Swiebertje*, we were well ballasted. No need to reef! Conditions were ideal for a record fast passage down the full length of the sizable Heegermeer.

Starting out from the harbor, Heegerwal, we arrived at Nieuwe Vaart, the narrows at

the south end of the lake, in no time flat. The beat, being a bit splashy, had Jane suffering the brunt of the spray. She now had a better appreciation for being fully dressed in oilies head to toe. At the narrows it was time to change the pace.

Tying up alongside the wharf, we paused long enough to chat a little and enjoy an excellent Dutch beer. The downwind return went even faster, being essentially one planning event followed by another. This time, fortunately, Jane was spared the dousing. Wow! What sailing.

Before going further, for the benefit of my North American readers, it is important that I note what a huge undertaking, both financially and personnel-wise, this event amounted to. The Netherlands Wayfarer Association (NedWA) went far out on a limb planning this event. Their reason? They wanted to do something special to mark the tenth anniversary of the birth of the NedWA. It was hugely successful.

During the cruise we had two "mother" ships, the *In Dubio*, a 12-cabin converted motorized barge, and the *Atalanta*, a 10-cabin schooner-rigged sailing ship. Between them, the two ships accommodated a total of 43 participants. There were 18 or 20 Wayfarers (I don't remember the exact number). Jan Katgerman, the NedWA Chairman, provided outstanding fleet support and safety from his handsome and powerful motor launch, *Twee Gezusters* (translated, *Two Sisters*).

Twee Gezusters proved capable of towing more than a dozen Wayfarers at a time with ease. There were two US and one Canadian couples from overseas. Each had a NedWA "buddy" to assist them. Good friends Ton and Connie Jaspers hosted Jane and me, meeting us in Heeg with flotation vests, sailing clothing and, most importantly, Ton's beautiful *Swiebertje*. We would get to enjoy *Swiebertje* for the duration of the cruise.

Every day or two, the cruise ships sailed ahead of us to the next destination point. We would meet up with them in the afternoon. Many miles would be sailed each day and by the end of the week we had completed a large circular orbit, passing through many of the lakes and canals in this portion of Friesland.

Stalwart NedWA members Hans and Lous de Bruijne were the designated cruise leaders. All aspects of this highly complex undertaking were thoroughly planned out ahead of time and executed perfectly.

After a couple of days of preliminary activities in Heeg, which included an excellent traditional Dutch BBQ, a sail on the *Atalanta*, and a kick-off banquet, the first day of the cruise arrived. Following breakfast, we packed our lunches and departed Heegerwal. The sun shone brightly, warming the air. The fleeces were tucked away. It was a perfect summer day.

In Dubio in Heegerwal.



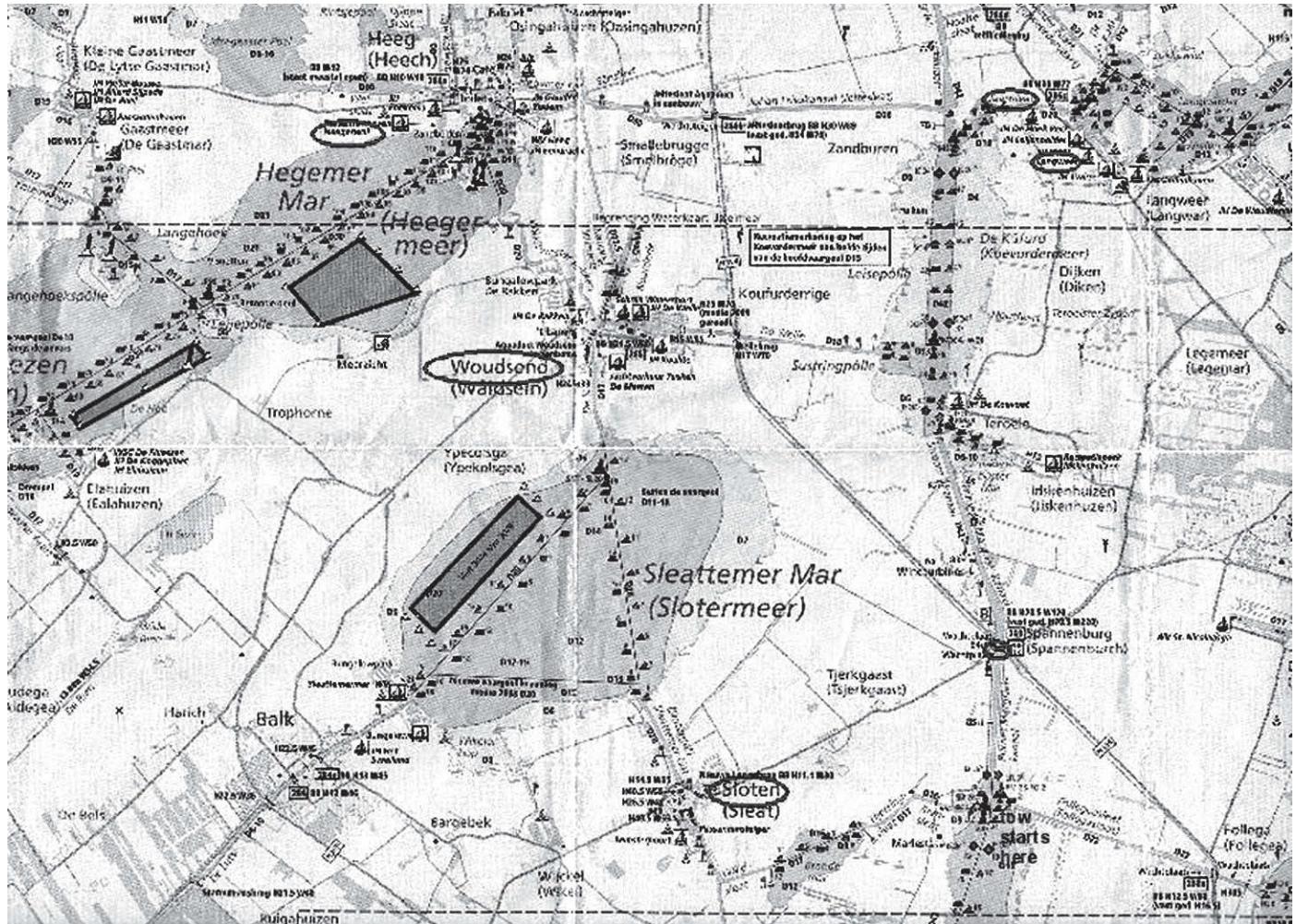


Mother ships warped together, Lake Langweer.

Our route would initially take us south-east, across the top of Heegermeer and through a series of canals passing through the town of Weudsend, Lake Slotermeer and ancient, historic Sloten. We would stop at Sloten for a picnic lunch and sightseeing.

A lasting first impression that seemed to connect with all of us non-NedWA participants was the large number of youth sailing schools we saw. The Heegemeer was especially alive this way. But we would

A portion of the Friesland chart.



Wayfarers on the canals.

see numerous sailing schools all throughout our travels. As soon as we got outside Heegerwal, we were surrounded by youngsters of various ages from at least three or four sailing schools.

The sailors ranged from very young children in the small Optimists, to older, more advanced kids in jib & main sloops, practicing capsiz recovery skills. Hovering over their fleets, like a mother goose herding her goslings, instructors motored about shouting instructions. We were amazed!

The morning's 10kt or so southerly breeze promised good progress, though later it would mostly peter out. The first fairly narrow couple of canals passed through a picturesque countryside. Cows and sheep grazed contently in grassy meadows bordered by marshy areas. The canals made lots of turns. This effected our wind, but made for far more interesting sailing than if they ran straight.

Quaint, interesting summer cottages lined the banks. Moored in front were attractive Dutch yachts and small craft of all

descriptions. We wondered what interesting new scene might lie around the next bend. The Dutch, who consider Friesland the boating Mecca of northern Europe, flock there in droves every summer. Besides that, there is a lot of influx from adjoining countries, especially Germany.

So, with it being the peak of the holiday season, there were lots of people about. A few times we noticed an arm wave from someone on shore. Jane and I tried to respond when we could. Was it possible they noticed the American flag Ton had graciously attached to *Swiebertje's* peak?

At the time, we were on a southerly heading, having to do quite a bit of tacking. Pretty soon I got a feel for about how much centerboard we dared leave down and still manage to get in close to the bank before having to tack. Of course, inevitably, every now and then there was a mad scramble to get the board up before we came to a complete stop, with the board buried in the mud!

Fortunately one rarely hits something that is hard. Further complicating things, however, was the steady stream of oncoming motoring traffic. Sometimes there would be three or four good-sized boats headed toward us in procession. Learning to cope with this amount of traffic was a unique experience!

Here I need to note that there are two aspects concerning motorboat traffic in Friesland that are completely different from anywhere I've been in the United States. First, high-speed travel is prohibited everywhere except for a few closely regulated districts on lakes. Personal watercraft are noticeably absent.

Also, because there is no high-speed traffic on the canals, there are minimal wakes to contend with. Notably, the majority of Dutch yachts we encountered had efficient, rounded and slender displacement type hulls, not the boxy, less efficient planing type we see in America. Secondly, Dutch boaters exhibit outstanding courtesy.

Dutch yacht on the Heegameer.



Sometimes, in a tight situation, out of common sense and consideration for others, we felt compelled to luff up or tack away. But for obvious reasons, one doesn't want to do this on a regular basis. So we quickly learned to judge when it was safe to pass in front of, or duck behind, an on-coming vessel. We felt comfortable that if there was any question that the other vessel would alter course or reduce speed.



Congestion on the canal.

In times of heavy traffic there were a few occasions when powerboats had to make adjustments for Jane and me. I'm sure that was the case with others as well. In such situations, a big smile and appreciative wave to the opposing bridge was definitely in order. So, as you see, the canals were great fun, but also busy to the point where the helm had to pay close attention to his/her sailing.

Arriving in the town of Weudsend brought us to the first of several bridges for the day. With four canals intersecting there, we encountered an impressive traffic jam as we approached the bridge.



Scene at Weudsend.

To the unaccustomed sailor, transiting a bridge in lots of congestion could be daunting. Even with all my experience, I admit to feeling a bit nervous a couple of times. Under the best of circumstances, rarely, if ever, can one sail through a bridge. In light traffic, sometimes paddling works, but as a rule a motor is required. In our situation, Wayfarers without motors either got towed by *TwEE Gezusters* or another Wayfarer with a motor.

Then there is the toll! Not all, but most bridges collect a toll. So, when passing beneath a bridge, the attendant from his bridge house drops a wooden shoe attached by a string to a pole to collect his two euros.

(This can make a favorite photo opportunity.) Though the attendants are deft in placing the shoe where it can be reached, one still has to pay close attention and be ready. There are more than a few euros lying in the mud!



Paying the toll.

It turned out the bridge at Weudsend was our big challenge of the day. The bridge was down, with a jumble of boats, large and small, packing the canal for several hundred meters on either side, treading water and waiting! Following what would be the usual procedure, we furled the jib, tightened the topping lift, then dropped and furled the main.

This generally went without a hitch, quickly and easily. Ton had everything on *Swiebertje* nicely set up for single handing, and I really like his Bartels jib reefing system. With the topping lift holding the boom high, manning the four-stroke Honda engine would be no sweat. Except this was my first time using it!

Oh, no! The motor started fine on the first pull, at half throttle, but died immediately when cut back to idle speed. Repeated tries gave the same result. Surrounded by obstacles, there we were, one moment dashing, way too fast, head on for an impending crash, or dead in the water being blown towards shore. It was unbelievable! Just before the rally Ton had taken the motor into the shop where it was declared fit to go. My nerves were a wreck. What should I do?

By a stroke of luck, I happened to spy a big boat, with fairly low freeboard, tied alongside the waterfront. This seemed to be our best bet. We would chance hanging onto her gunnel while waiting for the bridge. Putting a line around a stanchion and setting out fenders, we prayed no one would come along and kick us off.

Meanwhile, though the bridge signal lights still showed red, the bridge opened, except only long enough to let some traffic from on the other side pass through. Then it closed again. Gosh! I began to wonder how long we'd be stuck hanging on there.

Finally something started to happen. "There, Jane, see! We are getting the initial go ahead lights," one red, one green blinking, or something like that. (It is a good system, but unfortunately I've since forgotten the exact signal sequence.) Anyway, what it meant was get ready! On the canal the jockeying to get in position had started.

Then the bridge was up and boats were moving. Spotting a small opening, with heart pounding I barged into the foray, unceremoniously cutting off some good folks ahead of us. It certainly wasn't a nice maneuver. Again, we were going much too fast, yet somehow managed to avoid a collision. What a relief! We'd made it!

On the other side the wind was light and on our nose. By now many of the others in the group were ahead of us. Wanting to make up time and get through that section of canal provided an excuse to stay on the engine for a while.

Finally, free to run, the engine purred like a kitten, pushing us along at around five knots. (Following a day or two of exercise, the Honda changed its ways, deciding to run at idle speed. I even got to like that engine.) Just ahead was Lake Slotermeer and beyond that the town of Sloten, where we would stop for lunch.



Picnicking at Sloten.

In the US we brag about our freedom. But in many parts of Europe, particularly the Netherlands, the boating public has far more rights to the shore. Almost any open space along the canals is free to use. More importantly, scattered generously throughout the lakes and canals are numerous designated camping places where dinghy sailors are free to tie up to bulkheads or docks and camp.

As we traveled the canals and lakes we couldn't help but admire these attractive campsites. They always appeared well manicured, grassy and located in quiet spots, perfect for any cruising dinghy, such as a Wayfarer, or a Falcon!

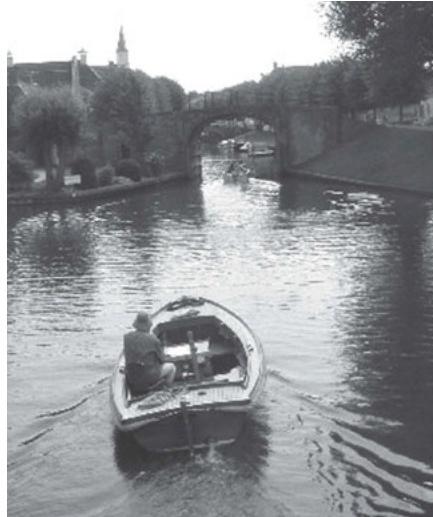
Falcons! This was the most prominent sailboat we'd encounter throughout the cruise. We saw them on the water every day. It seems to me there must be at least a thousand Falcons in Friesland, and every one for hire. A classic, low aspect ratio, gaff-rigged sloop, six and a half meters long and with a substantial keel, the Falcon is bigger, heavier and more stable than the Wayfarer. They could be rented with cockpit tents, motors and all, ready to take visiting vacationers on cruising adventures. It would be pretty difficult to get into serious trouble with a Falcon, I think. But it is slow compared to a Wayfarer.

Sometimes it was comical to watch three or four young people in a Falcon, who were obviously little more than beginners, struggling to make progress on the canals. In our Wayfarers, we would easily zip past them. Though that may have surprised or frustrated a few of them, the Falcon sailors always seemed to be a happy crowd, having a jolly time just being on the water. Another unique aspect of the Netherlands!

Towing one of our fellow Wayfarers, we caught up with the main group, already tied up and just a short walk outside Sloten. Sloten, Sneek (pronounced Snake), Workum and Hindeloopen, a few places I've been to, are marvelously well-preserved, historic towns. They are extremely fascinating to see. My knowledge is minuscule but, as I recall, Sloten is situated on what was an ancient trade route and became a prominent merchant center, starting around the 16th century.

Today, it is like a living museum, with fascinating old business houses built in the

1600s and 1700s, adorned with intricately carved stone decorations. The buildings line both sides of a canal that runs through the center of the town. It also boasts a beautiful, well-preserved windmill. Unfortunately, whereas one could easily spend a whole day in Sloten, we could afford little more than an hour, just enough time to take a few great photos.



Sloten.

The day was wearing on. We still had a long way to go, including a couple more bridges, before joining up with the cruise ships anchored on Lake Langweer. Our route, now swinging northerly, put the wind behind us meaning, of course, less tacking and easier sailing. Here my memory becomes foggy but, I think, though there were times when the wind picked up, ultimately there was a fair amount of motoring. Anyway, as always, Jane and I thoroughly enjoyed the scenery along the way.

When we at last reached the mother ships it was getting late. Shouldn't it be cocktail hour, my brain told me? Already, a while back, our thoughts had wandered to *In Dubio*'s well-stocked saloon, which now beckoned. I could really go for a cold beer. Jane certainly wouldn't mind a glass of wine. But before any of that happened, we had to moor the Wayfarers.

This would be our first time tying up alongside the big vessels. Frankly, up to then I hadn't thought much about the complications of snuggling 18 to 20 Wayfarers plus

Jan's *Twee Gezusters*, against those unforgetting iron hulks, anchored and warped together. I wasn't alone in this regard. Suddenly, it dawned upon the bunch of us, this was going to take a little thought.

No way was there room to tie up individually. We were going to have to raft up, alongside both ships, side by side, two and three abreast. The faces of a few of the skippers with beautiful, brightly finished woodies, as well as the owners of costly, shiny new Hartleys, dropped. They were rightfully concerned. Rafting together a number of lightweight dinghies is not the same as dealing with heavier displacement type hulls. Wayfarers tip and bounce much too easily, even in a relatively sheltered locations with minimal wave action.

But the irresistible urge to partake of a cold beer, or glass of wine, after a day on the water can work wonders. Everyone pitched in and worked together. Out came many fenders. Long lines were brought back to the ships and spring lines judiciously set in all directions. Before long all were satisfied. A pattern was established for the remainder of the cruise. Problem solved!



Tying up to *In Dubio*.

We were through sailing for the day, but the day was not done by any means. The *In Dubio*'s large open foredeck and spacious saloon was our congregating place for cocktail hour and socializing. In the dining room below, Hanna, *In Dubio*'s owner, chief cook and crew of one, served us great meals. Hanna, whom I declare an outstanding chef, if that's permissible for a ship's cook, constantly surprised us with beautiful, mouth-watering, multi-course dinners, Dutch style! One of my favorite Dutch discoveries is Mustard Soup. How could a dish so named be so delicious! It was our duty to assist with the serving and cleanup afterward.

The great thing about these rallies is that our gang is akin to a long-time family. We are old friends, going back 20 years, maybe more, though at each succeeding event there are always new acquaintances to be made. Following dinner, all would retire to the saloon where the first order of business was to break out the song books. Leading the singing, with guitar(s), clarinet and sax, were long-time members Poul, Elof, Sue and Alan, plus several others, too. They are our own official Wayfarer musical group, The Wayfarer Stompers.

The first song, always, is the Wayfarer fanfare. Sung to a lilting melody, it goes: "Wayfarer, Wayfarer, finest dinghy ever seen! Wayfarer, weather fair. Really makes me feel so keen. Do wake up from your lazy sleep. Sail your Wayfarer out on the deep. Wayfarer, Wayfarer, finest dinghy ever seen!" Verses are then repeated in Danish, Dutch and French. Wow! What a life... Wayfarering!

The Best of JimThayer



Voyage of the "Wee Punkin"

Up at the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, I was chatting with Ron Mueller, the Sprite/Wayfarer man, about the beauty of Lake Powell. We agreed to get together down there sometime and do a little cruising.

Come mid October, I had a new lug rig made up for the WEE PUNKIN and was anxious to try it out. Unfortunately, Ron was bogged down in producing some sort of seminar for his business and begged off. As luck would have it, I fell in with a pack of my offspring and friends who, motivated by the approach of an October break (a new development evidently), were planning a four wheeler trip to Canyonlands National Park. Now Canyonlands is hardly the place for sailing but is a splendid spot in its own right and just off the road to Powell. I threw in with the gang.

Our little convoy of two jeeps and the Nissan, with the PUNKIN on top, set off into the teeth of the season's first raging snowstorm. We holed up in Blanding at the Cliff Palace, an architecturally funky place sporting bathrooms with 12' ceilings, clerestory windows and sitting down showers.

During the next couple of days we slithered through the snow of Elk Ridge, admired the Indian ruins south of the park, did some hiking and crawled at last to the top of the notorious Elephant Hill. And what found we there? A very large pothole full of water! An observer, of which there were several, would have thought it the entire goal of our arduous journey. Nothing would do but that we launch the PUNKIN.

Not having a folding rudder the water was a bit shallow for authentic rigging, but if you don't look too closely it's quite a novel publicity shot. Something of the sort was, of course, in the back of my mind from the very start.

Leaving the troops to find their way home, let us jump now to the fabulous Lake Powell, scene of the real action. In spite of numerous boating articles, the lake is not well-known to salt water sailors. It is, proximity aside, the most attractive lake in the U.S. of A., all things considered. Because of the arid climate, level

fluctuations don't leave a bathtub ring as they do in many places. Often one is hard put to determine the high water mark.

Currently the lake is at an all-time low and the launching ramps will need extension before the winter is out. The biggest disadvantage of low levels is that the shortcut between Bullfrog and Hall's Crossing bays is high and dry. Doubtless it could be portaged with the PUNKIN.

A \$9 ferry ride got me from Hall's Crossing on the south shore across to Bullfrog on the north side. At the visitor center I fell in with a ranger who was the "right sort" and discussed the proposed jetport, park service philosophy, powerboats, Indian ruins and whatnot. He said that winds were typically very light in the fall. He suggested that February was a good time to have the place all to oneself and the weather was quite nice.

For the current excursion he recommended an unimproved shore area just a ways north on the Burr Trail near the head of Bullfrog Bay. We soon left the washboard of the Burr Trail for a sandy track to the water's edge. We chose a perfect little crescent shaped cove with a powerboat fishing 50 yards around a headland to the south and a houseboat well away out of sight to the north. Super spot.

Perhaps a word about the surface fauna of the lake is in order. During the season the parking lots hold uncounted acres of runabouts, two and three axle trailers with flybridge Bayliners and their ilk and a raft of bass boats with enormous Mercs on the back. While perhaps not typical, a three axle trailer with a monstrous Cigarette type, pulled by a big "plumbing and heating" four wheeler from SoCal is not uncommon. These boats are usually left at the lake while the owner goes back to the job. In these parts one can beg off early Friday and make 400 miles in time for a sundowner at the lake.

The boating activity revolves around the houseboat. It is instructive to watch these things being loaded from the beach. From a distance D-Day comes to mind. Close up we

note enough beer and soda to stock a decent corner grocery, a couple of wet bikes, countless lawn chairs, plus the normal pile of paraphernalia. Fully loaded, this monument to conspicuous consumption, towing a runabout, sets off across the lake in search of peace and quiet.

The perfect secluded beach decided upon, the bow is nosed up on the sand, anchors carried out 45 degrees either side and the gangplank run out. The toys are then set loose to churn up a couple of square miles, wood is gathered for a big beach fire, while the captain pours a cold one and settles down to enjoy nature. I myself have participated in this sort of activity, although on a modest scale, and towing a couple of sailboats, and will concede that it has a certain attraction. However, left to my own devices I'd rather go with the PUNKIN.

So here we are, in the perfect little cover, clear blue water, azure sky, new rig and a light breeze calling, but seemingly a certain lassitude has settled over our hero. He dwaddles about, decides to have lunch, lingers over another glass, fools around some more, but finally rouses himself and prepares to unload the boat; a simple job it is.

He drags the boat easily to the water, for she's a light thing. His movements quicken as he goes for the rudder and rig. A smile of anticipation lights his face as he begins to hurry. The rig goes up without a problem and apparently nothing is missing. Normally he has to concoct a missing piece on the spot. Possibly he's getting more methodical in his old age? Loading some "afternoon stores" and a sweater, he hops aboard and is off o'er the rippling waters.

The breeze being quite light, I determined not to venture too far and so bore away before the wind toward the north where the head of the bay was evident. I was coasting the western shore when a hidden lead opened up and one a whim I turned in to try the boat in close quarters and fluke wind. She worked along very well and I was surprised to find that the gut soon opened into a large bay. I congratulated myself upon having discovered an unknown bay, at least it couldn't have any houseboats. Crossing the bay I studied the large numbers of diving birds which I took to be loons, and noted the stark white trees which had stood lifelessly beneath the waters for so these many years.

I amused myself for a time sailing around and among the trees and then ran north into the narrowing canyon which indicated a stream that in eons past had been mother to the great Bullfrog. The wind now turned and strengthened a little so, rather than beat, I turned and ran back among the birds, through the gut and clear home, all on one tack.

I was determined to be afloat with the sunrise next morn for this was the "big one," a really truly cruise, venturing further than a PUNKIN had ever gone before and sleeping aboard overnight. We have all read the accounts of cruise preparations, the endless lists, things to fix, ad whatever. Even on so modest a scale as this one needs a certain minimum of stuff and on an eight-footer one can't just throw it in. So, as one might have supposed, the sun was well up as we eased southward on the fading northerly, obviously a night breeze.

As I came down the bay last night I described in the far distance the unmistakable houseboat sheds of Bullfrog Marina. Alas, I hadn't discovered a hidden bay after all. It was now my intention to stand well to the southward, exploring the upper reaches of Bullfrog Bay and then turn north in plenty of time to ride the day breeze up the main arm to my proposed anchorage in the western reaches of W. Loon Bay.



From the top: Here come de sun, early morning on Lake Powell. A view ashore over the broad expanse of foredeck. Day's end, heading for harbor.

Story & Photos from Jim Thayer

(Jim Thayer has been designing and building interesting small boats for a dozen years at his shops in Mechanicsville, VA, and Colbran, CO, and travelling circuitously between the two making deliveries and running new boat "tests" such as in this story).

The air was now the merest zephyr, and against me, but still the PUNKIN carried on, never losing way and never pinwheeling aimlessly as I have had other boats do. I loved her more dearly with each passing hour. Her varnished deck gleamed in the sun and her bright hull lay mirrored in the limpid water. With her store of goods she catered to my every whim, well, all but one!

Thinking it might be pleasant to go ashore for lunch I had been slowly — very slowly — working my way toward a likely looking beach on the eastern shore. As I enjoyed the prospect I noticed a houseboat making up from the south. I kept track of his bearing, as good sailors are enjoined to do, and decided that he would pass well ahead. They are faster than one might suppose. He passed ahead alright and went ashore right on top of my lunch spot.

Well, it wasn't for nothing that I had a fine cruising boat. I immediately put about and proceeded to lay out lunch aboard. Lunch duly savored I noted that the air had fallen lighter yet. So light in fact that I was constrained to remove all my clothing in order to detect the subtle shifts which might enable us to reach our goal. In doing so I knew full well that I was liable to injury from the still ardent October sun. I accepted the risk willingly knowing that it, like the endless tacking, beating, leeing, weathering, helming, sheeting and luffing was crucial to the optimum development of my boat and thus the safety and well-being of my customers.

Giving up all thought of exploring ashore we ran northward, passing a couple of fishermen and checking two canyons on the way. The wind finally decided to give us some encouragement and we were soon ashore in Punkin Cove, our proposed layover. Plenty of daylight remaining, I resolved to explore the high ground to the west, expecting that I might easily gain Hall's Crossing Bay which shouldn't lay too far beyond the ridge.

Despite having gone native, it was obvious that shoes would be required. I was thus arrayed as a sort of sartorial sandwich with covering on each end and ample skin filling. As proof against possible evening chill and/or lurking voyeuristic savages, I took a small pack of clothing and included a couple of cans to ward off desiccation.

The recently drained near-shore flat was a jungle of that "scourge of the West," tumbleweed (Russian Thistle) which appeared quite impenetrable. With care, however, for contact would have been painful, or worse, one could pick a path between the large plants which seem to somehow hold their neighbors at bay. These weeds can be quite a nuisance at places and one often sees them floating near shore. From a distance they appear like mooring buoys gone adrift.

The way led through a veritable moonscape of barren shale, mudstone and crudstone which must erode too fast for vegetation to get a foothold. One attractive and perfectly symmetrical little plant seemed to be comfortable in these surroundings but was quite rare. I resisted the urge to take one along, my altruism encouraged by the lack of anything to dig with.

Fortunately I happened on a way up the cliff which required no undue scrambling and was soon at the rim, a conglomerate which looked exactly like weathered concrete, plenty good enough to be part of a prehistoric launching pad. A stroll down to the end of the bench gave a view of Hall's Crossing Bay but much too far to walk. It was getting dusky when I arrived back at the ship.

The shore was rather muddy but I managed to get aboard without bringing any goo past the foredeck. We lay off the shore on a short scope and I set about getting comfortable. The sail and spars lay to one side to keep the air off and the candle lantern was hung from a tiller-yard lashup. The cockpit of the PUNKIN is floored with the foam-cored cockpit opening cut from the deck. This gives one a nice shot of flotation as well as a warm sole, even in freezing weather. With a foam pad and a sleeping bag we were comfy and cozy.

In such a situation one operates like some sort of larva, never fully coming out of the bag. One eats, reads and even brushes the teeth without coming out further than necessary. This requires a certain amount of care and deliberation, mind you, or one's bed becomes unspeakably grubby. And so, happily ensconced, I had a belated sundowner, a leisurely supper and some good reading by the dim light of the candle, whose declining vigor coincided very nearly with my own.

I was up at first light, sitting with my bag around my neck frequently protruding an arm to grasp the McDonald's cup which sat steaming on the deck. "McDonald's? He's gotta be kidding" you say. Not a bit of it. In the open, and even at home, styrofoam is essential to keep your drink from getting cold/hot. I find that Mac's cups are much the sturdiest readily available. The blowing agent is not a serious factor as I often get several weeks constant use from one before they start to weep around the bottom. Do, however, have a good backup as you will be in dire straits if the primary gets sat upon.

Lake Powell, being in the high desert of Utah, is subject to a wide range of diurnal temperatures. In mid October it was quite warm during the day and near freezing at night. This is the saving grace of the place in summer. It gets blazing hot during the day but you only need fall overboard to cool off. As soon as the sun goes down it becomes quite pleasant. All considered, late September is the best. April and May are great but the water is cold.

I had providentially provided a thermos of hot coffee before leaving the truck. It spent the day rolled up in the sleeping bag and the night tucked in at my feet. It was plenty hot come dawn and, flavored with a concoction of sugar cane from down in the tropics, more than made up for the niggling discomforts of my present situation. Comfort is meaningless if one knows not discomfort. I would not argue that one suffer extreme discomfort in order to enjoy the possibility of greater improvement. I'm a pretty conservative middle-of-the-roader, I guess.

Having shot half my wad, I rolled up the bag, raised sail and was borne homeward by a night wind not yet intimidated by El Sol's imminent appearance. I poured another cup as I eased along through the flock of loons which were fishing all about. One surfaced not two boat lengths away with a 3" fish in his beak. OK, it's beak. But most fishermen are men. Is it only tradition, or are women smarter, or dumber? What about birds? Well, it's all too easy to get caught up in these arcane philosophical questions when the mind is freed upon a broad reach.

I watched the sunshine creep down the cliffs behind and then come racing along the water after me, vaporizing the stubborn shadows like the ultimate washday product, leaving the water glistening clean and the sky shining blue. Ah, how are we molded by the media. We dived into the gut, popped out the other side into another great fleet of loons and ran ever slower

to beach on one board.

I fully intended to swamp the PUNKIN somewhere along the way but I kept putting it off and now it was just a mite cool. But really there's no need. She will obviously float high with that foam core deck and the two sealed end compartments. We'll still get to it. Maybe in Florida this winter when we go down to give Sharon away. Yes, definitely.

This little expedition had a number of satisfying outcomes (to use the current vernacular). Foremost, of course, was the exemplary behavior of my little boat. Then, prediction of the winds, based on the first afternoon's observation, made me feel smug indeed. To set

out upon the water for a day and a night in wild and unknown land without suffering a mentionable difficulty or inconvenience gives a feeling of confidence and does something for the self-esteem. Doubtless, to go about one's activity without a shred of clothing has all sorts of negative narcissistic Freudian overtones, but still nurtures that devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky lifestyle that sailors tend to cultivate and which, truth to tell, we all secretly covet.

At this point in time (oh, dear me) I would happily go again. Upon further consideration, maybe early spring. Till then I'll just mess about.



Setting up camp at "Nissan Cove".



Sailing Through the Night

By Fred Shell

I am not a long distance sailor cruiser. Like most of us who mess about in boats, my adventures are mostly day trips. There have been some wonderful multi-day trips, but they always involved overnight stays at anchor or on the beach. I have been out sailing at night many times and found such a special element of peace and mystery that I didn't want it to end. So last summer when my son Greg was visiting here in Vermont I came up with the notion of sailing through the night, somewhat as if we were passage-making. Lake Champlain is big enough for such a thing, about 10 miles wide maximum by 120 miles long.

About an hour before sunset Greg and I launched my 23' foot microcruising catamaran *Life's a Beach* from the Georgia Town Park near my home and shop in northern Vermont. This craft is easy to sail and motors well. The plan was to take two or three hour watches, rotating through the night. Destination was the wide open part of the lake to the south. From our location on the eastern shore we needed to sail about eight miles almost due west to clear the major islands before we could head south.

We had a light southerly breeze for the first hour or two which gave us about half of our westing. The sun went down and so did the wind. The motor came on, which is not unpleasant due to the aft cabin design and the relatively quiet four-stroke Tohatsu 9.8hp outboard. We maintained a cruising speed of about 5 knots at one-third throttle.

By the time we reached the drawbridge connecting South and North Hero Islands we had total darkness. The bridge is well lit and was not difficult to navigate under. We did need to drop the rig, but this only takes a minute or two. From this point the rig stayed down for several hours.

We continued west for another two miles or so before turning south. Although we could generally make out the shoreline, our chart and GPS were depended upon to keep us out of trouble. Ironically, the biggest concern was running into a navigation buoy. Our draft is only about 16" and a grounding could be dealt with, but hitting one of those cans at 5 knots could do some damage.

Soon a partial moon came out and was a great help. Housing development is spotty enough here that a lot of the shoreline has no lights. We continued south in the mile-wide channel between New York and Vermont under power. A light breeze had come up but it was right on the nose. After some seven or eight miles we cleared the southern end of South Hero Island and entered the area known as the "Broad Lake."

Around 11:30pm I finally gave up the helm to Greg. We were in quite open water and I felt that one person could keep us out of trouble. Although it was such a beautiful night and I didn't want to miss any of it, I was asleep within five minutes.

It was 1am or 2am when Greg rounded up the boat in the lee of Juniper Island, about three miles off Burlington harbor. The south wind had freshened to about 15 knots and with a fetch of 30 miles or so a pretty good chop had built up. Greg had correctly not tried to set up the rig with me asleep. We



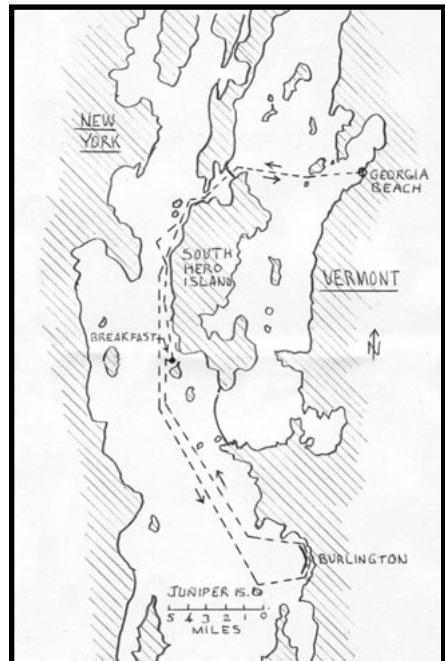
considered anchoring there for the night, he was beat and I wasn't sure I would be sharp enough to take over. I made a cup of coffee and a sandwich and soon felt great.

The rig was set up, Greg dove into his bunk and we set off on a beam reach toward Burlington Harbor. This was marvelous. The moon and Jupiter were in conjunction and all was right with the world. The wind dropped off more and more as we got close to Burlington. The harbor is formed by a breakwater which runs north and south, parallel to the shore, and is perhaps a mile long. We ghosted through from south to north at around 3:30am. There were 50 or so cruising sailboats moored. The only sign of life was one little dinghy making its way back to the mother ship with two very happy crew. Burlington is a popular destination for French Canadian sailors from Montreal.

I knew that Greg had no interest in crawling out of his bunk. Anyhow, I didn't want to give up the helm and miss any of this so I continued on. A course was set NW to intersect our southward track somewhere SW of South Hero. We now had a broad reach with slowly building winds and seas.

The morning light had come up to where navigation was easy by the time the turn north was called for. Soon a spectacular sunrise punctuated the end of an amazing night. And soon after that my son arose also. The seas had built up pretty good and before long we tucked into the lee of a small island and dropped the hook for breakfast. It felt good to be still for a while and the coffee and scrambled eggs never tasted better.

From there we back tracked to our home port, arriving around noon, having traveled about 60 miles. Yes, I was pretty tired, but that night sail was magic and I consider it one of the best in over 50 years of messing about in boats.

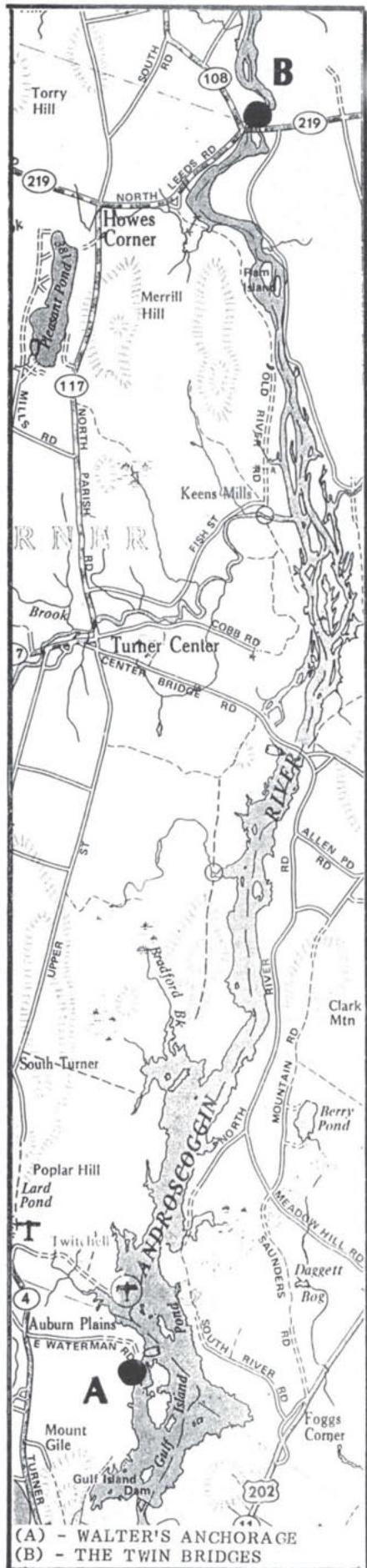


New From Shell Boats Schooner 18

The Schooner 18 is a luxurious day sailer for two to four with pretensions of being a basic cruiser for one to two. The hull and rig are essentially scaled up versions of the Schooner 15. The bilge keels provide good lateral resistance as well as easy and upright beaching. The aft cabin is quite adequate for sleeping, changing clothes, using the portable head, and stowing gear. The aft cabin separates the helm from the outboard motor.

(To learn more about Shell Boats go to: wwwshellboats.com)





ANDRO ZEE's Ultimate Cruise

Many of life's roads cannot be retraced. That fact hits me with true reality when I look upon Gulf Island Pond which lies about a mile from my home. I once traveled the twelve miles of its bottom in horse and buggy, then later in automobiles. Not that the wafer opened up like the Red Sea in Moses' time, but the pond simply wasn't there.

I was a mere whelp of a teenager when Gulf Island Dam was built. It was a super engineering project for these parts and as a budding camera fan, I visited the site often to take pictures. Memories still linger of bits of talk among parents and neighbors about trials inhabitants suffered when forced to move out of the planned flooded area. A few were glad of a chance to sell rundown farm land, but most were rooted by generations of life and labor. No doubt tears mingled with the dammed up water that finally covered the River Road and home sites.

For the next fifty years, people in general turned their backs on Gulf Island Pond. No new river road was constructed along its banks. Forests overgrew the useless remnants of flooded farms. Pollution from town and paper mills yielded flotsam and a gas that tarnished silverware and caused lead paint on houses to turn black. No one ventured near it, in it or on it for pleasure.

But time has healed the wounds and waste abatement and treatment have taken effect. Man and wildlife are finding the Androscoggin acceptable once more.

So it was, that I lately stood on the great dam's adjoining dike gazing northward, wondering what lay beyond. There beckoned a twelve mile water way, a limbo of relative wilderness, in the heart of a civilized land. Ironically, a thing of beauty blooming out of pollution and neglect.

A few short explorations by skiff only baited my curiosity. With the unrestrained anticipation of a Columbus, I proceeded to build and outfit my 22' scow sloop, the Andro Zee, to cruise the far reaches of this river-pond. And believe me, all that planning and preparation made me feel a bit akin to that famous Admiral of the Sea of 1492 -- as near as I ever will be! It took two years and unbearable delays, but at last it came to pass.

At last all signals were "go" for that ultimate cruise -- the planned voyage of my Chapelle "Scow Sloop of Dutch Type" for which she had been chosen and built -- the 12 mile length of Gulf Island Pond in Auburn, Maine. I

25 Years Ago in MAIB

had invited others to go along, but '86 was a freak year for weather, causing repeated "doing and undoing" of plans. By late August I declared, "I'll go the next day of favorable forecast, regardless!" October 1 promised to be that day. My son, Jim, was the only person free to go -- nevertheless, anchors aweigh!

AZ is not a racer. Previous logs indicated the 24 mile round trip with the average hangups and Murphy's jinxes would require a full day. So the night before we rounded up all needed gear and supplies -- gas, lunch packed, camera, fresh battery, first aid kit and so on.

My wife, Lona, though unable to go, served us an early breakfast, filled thermoses and waved us off with a, "Try to be back by dark!" good by. Under a gray overcast (so much for forecasts!) we motored the 15 min. drive to our mooring area in 10 min. flat. Once aboard let it rain!

While Jim parked the truck and deposited the gear on the beach, I paddled out in our inflatable "Rubber Duckey". The motor started pronto. I beached AZ bow-on as we would first deposit about fifty window weights (another donation from a friend) in the bow hold. Figured they were needed to counter the weight of a larger motor and the tendency of crew and passengers to congregate in the stern cockpit. Spare storage battery and picnic supplies would be best stored in the forward cockpit. I alternate two used batteries for running lights and bilge pump. No problem to charge them at home and install a fresh one every week or ten days... another advantage of close-to-home sailing.

All was aboard in nothing flat. Jim shoved us off, swung aboard over the bow and poled us toward deeper water with an oar, while I checked the motor.

"All clear?" I yelled, trying to sound like an admiral.

"OK here!" (Jim is always matter-of-fact and to the point.)

So I fired up and AZ headed upstream full speed. We kicked up a wake like two boys let out of school. Where time is to be made, motoring into a head wind is the only way to go. The Androscoggin River lies, roughly, N-S, so a NW wind precludes sailing upstream.

As we relaxed, we were surprised to see the gray clouds had evaporated. A blue sky proved the forecasters were "right on" after all.

Jim and I agreed to proceed on one hour watches at the tiller. The

first half of our trip, as far as Turner Center Bridge, was old cap. Times lapsed, from landing to Field Cove, to Clark Mountain Narrows, to the bridge, show on my log as if scheduled. I also carry a "topo" map taped to a board under clear plastic. I never tire of checking that. It allays monotony and makes the scene come alive for guests. The map presents no names for most coves and islands, so I exercise an explorer's prerogative and pen in appropriate names based on natural features or in memory of old settlers.

For the first mile, we skirt a seaplane base. Here, a flight training activity promotes me to be alert and give a wide berth. A sail boat may have a right of way, but yielding sometimes beats being "right".

Field Cove slid by on schedule. I waved -- in case a relative there should be watching. This is a beautiful stretch of river with little islands and hidden lagoons on the west side. I remembered a tale told me by a descendent of the man whose farm was flooded out on the west bank.

The old farmer was fond of rowing across the then narrower river to visit a neighbor on the east shore, ostensibly to "trade a calf or buy a pig".

"Truth was," my friend chuckled, "it was probably his taste for home brew, rather than cow trading, that prompted those excursions."

As NOAH had predicted, it was developing into one of those days of "NW winds, 15-25 mph and gusty". Clark Mt. lies east of the river. The water is funneled between the mountain and outcropping of ledge to the west. This "Narrows" also jets the wind. Soon, white caps were pounding AZ's scow bottom. Spray befogged my glasses and like the old gray mare in deep snow, our craft dodged from port to starboard and back, keeping me on my metal at the tiller. We reveled in it though, (hardy rivermen that we were) as our 9-1/2 hp Evinrude had power to spare to shove our bulky scow along.

We were soon clear of that quarter mile wind tunnel. The river now spread to a half mile width, ruffled by the brisk airs; reflecting the blue of the sky. On our port side lay a tiny island thirty or forty feet wide with a couple of emerald pines like sentinels on its center. (Photographed it last Autumn -- just at twilight when the trees reflected in a glassy calm -- now an enlargement graces a living room stand. "Jewel Island")

Just then, a crashing commotion arose on the starboard shore some fifty yards away. A herd of half grown cows galloped out of the bushes mooing and jostling like a

gang of teenagers, ranging the beach and into the water with a mighty splash that sent a pair of domestic geese squawking into the woods in alarm. If their intent was to board the AZ, it was automatically cancelled before they were belly deep. They turned to bunting each other, switching their tails or eagerly drinking, then watching us in cup-eared stupor as water ran from their shiny muzzles. It was a clownish episode that made us laugh.

In the excitement we forgot a nasty sand bar. "Hard t'port, Jim!" Evasive action just in the nick of time! The sun was making shadowy wave lines on the shallow bottom. Almost plowed a furrow with the Evinrude. But we hardly gave it a second thought, for the two great steel spans of Turner Center Bridge loomed a mile ahead.

The ship's clock (a \$1.49 digital stickup) said ten o'clock. Time for all good sailors to have a coffee break. Moreover, at the bridge the special mast lowering feature of our Dutch type vessel would come into play. We had used it only once -- a year ago on an aborted voyage that ended about a mile beyond the bridge. We picked a four foot high bank near the bridge, nosed her in to it, tied to a pine stump and walked ashore at deck level. After a snack, we released a copper lightening cable and lowered away on the mast by means of the forestay on a hand cranked winch. As the mast comes down, an "A" frame rises on the stay just forward of the cabin. It is a leverage device to help start the mast up off the crutch in the erection. My main boom has a simple iron gooseneck easily separated from the mast before lowering.

Some highway workmen sauntered down to look us over; no doubt on their coffee break. I greeted them and asked, "Ever see the likes o' that around here?"

"Nope! Can't say 'sl ever did," came the reply.

The scow style baffles some people. "Which end is which?" one queried. In disgust, his pardner remarked, "The rudder is on the hind end, Dummy, this here's the front!"

"Huh!" They turned and walked away.

So we shoved off. "Evie" was reluctant to start, but finally caught and purred smoothly as we approached the bridge. From the rear cockpit I feared the "A" frame would snag on the steel beams so I cut the throttle, but it was an optical illusion -- eight feet of clearance when we slid into the shade of the structure. I throttled up when we were clear. The workmen waved to us from the bridge deck and the explorers were on their way. The head wind stiffened, if anything, so we elected

to keep the mast in the crutch to minimize resistance.

A straight stretch of little over a mile up river brought us to Griswold Island; one of only three named on the topo map. We chose the west channel and a beautiful run it was; bordered on either side with thick forest and graceful trees that overhung the banks. The island itself was nearly a mile long. Beyond was another island without a name. I dubbed it NW Griswold. Still at full speed, we swept around it until Jim, then acting as lookout, yelled, "Low rock ahead!"

I cut speed and veered to port, narrowly missing a turtle backed rock that would have hung us up -- but good!

Reminded me of a tale I once read about lumbermen who use horsedrawn boats, called "Horse boats", to transport supplies upstream. One man would ride the poor animal wading through the water. The driver also served as lookout. One such character was famous for his warning cry, "Kee-riesters! Dead ahead!"

One more island, as yet unnamed (ran out of ideas); then we cheered at sight of a river tributary: the Nezinscot. An old map which I possess, dated 1870, calls it "Twenty Mile River". Back then, I suppose, people were still trying to forget Indian names. Just beyond is an island with an almost pure stand of red oak -- Oak Island -- naturally! It marked the end of our previous exploration.

So now we headed into "unexplored territory". Still another island was to be passed. We noted the accuracy of the topo map which showed every feature in recognizable shape. Again, no name. Since a long arm of water was shown on its easterly side, I penned "Long Arm" on the map. Once past it, we welcomed the different view of about a mile of uncluttered sky-blue river with here and there a whitecap whipped up by a super breeze.

It flowed between fertile meadow lands alive with farming operations. A half mile field of fodder corn was ripening on the west bank. A section of the old River Road could be seen. Gulf Island Pond was losing its wide spread effect. Ruins of an old homestead rose above the corn -- abandoned, no doubt, because of isolation.

Map makers did give names to the next two islands: Ram Island and Little Ram Island. They were wooded and uninhabited like the others and only two or three acres in extent. I am anxious to interview local people to learn the origin of the names. After passing them on the westerly side, we discovered a sudden change in geography.

Up to now our compass indicated that the Androscoggins course lay five to thirty degrees



ANDRO ZEE last summer.

east of north, but here it twisted almost a right angle turn toward the NW. Andro Zee began to buck some current and numerous boulders hinted shallow areas. I had heard a local boatman had marked a channel and was relieved to see a double line of painted jugs. Obviously, the safe channel lay between.

The very brisk wind, which we now faced directly, made "reading" the water for hidden rocks impossible. I throttled down a bit and Jim took the bow station again. The scene was now totally agriculture with crops or cattle on both shores. Our NW course ended in about a half mile in another sharp bend in the river; again heading us NE, and here our ultimate goal came into sight: "Twin Bridges" and white water. That would be head of navigation for us.

But there was no sitting back to enjoy the landscape! A swifter current, vague markings and more numerous rocks made navigation a full time job. Luck was with us, though, as we crossed the wide and shallow river bend and approached a wharf where a power boat was tied up. I surmised the owner must be a happy, fun loving person as dock and boat were decked out with bright wind-soc streamers and a flag.

It was now twelve-thirty. We beached AZ in a sheltered spot under a high bank and beside a fallen tree. As we enjoyed sandwiches and more 'coffee, the warm October sun put us in a complaisant mood. To the south was the great elbow of the river we had just passed through. In the background were large cattle sheds of the Varney farm -- wellknown for miles around. We knew the bridges

were just around a bend upstream. But could we navigate any closer? It was a question we contemplated as we ate and viewed the swift water and ever more numerous boulders, some with gulls perched upon them. As I topped off the gas tank, I said, "Well, Jim, after coming this far, let's go for it."

While I cranked up old "Evie", Jim poled us away from shore. At half speed and with Jim as lookout, we headed into a likely stretch of black water. Boiling "domes" of water indicated a rough bottom, but with my mate sounding constantly with an oar I proceeded but ready to shift into neutral at the slightest sign of trouble.

"Hey Dad, look!" He was pointing toward shore. I was about to retort, "Watch the bottom; not the shore!" when a car horn's honking came to my ears. A station wagon sped to the river's edge and two men jumped out waving frantically. One gave the STOP signal and I heard him shout, "Better turn back. You'll get into trouble there!"

Never ignore a native's advice! I immediately reversed and pulled the tiller over. Ever more fearful for the prop, I slowed our motor to a walk. AZ took an eternity coming around. We broached in the current and almost mounted a barely submerged rock. Good luck held, though, and with carefully increased speed, we headed back toward the tied-up boat near the men, where we could talk. They apparently felt that they had accomplished their lifesaving mission or that we were too "far gone" to help. At any rate, they climbed into the car and drove off. Their parting remark was something like, "Channel on the other side. Better

be damned careful!"

I shouted a "Thank you!" and I was truly grateful for the advise. I well remembered being stranded through a full tide's turn because I hadn't taken a native's word of caution seriously.

"OK!" I said, "We'll try the other side. I want a picture of the Twin Bridges if I can get it."

So we recrossed the river following the buoys as we had earlier. On reaching the eastern shore, we turned northward again. From there we could see one of the bridges. Close to the shore the water was over an oar's depth even where bank bushes brushed our deck.

"Must be a wicked current here in the spring!" I mused.

The AZ was finding it a good test of her power even in October. I was still fearful about the propeller as I had no spare. We inched up the channel increasing throttle only enough to keep steerage-way. We entered a kind of natural sluiceway between a giant boulder and a leaning birch tree. The river had an angry voice as it swirled around the rock. About half way through, the current and motor force reached an equilibrium. There we churned briefly. AZ was losing her "cool" and threatened to bash her bow in; first on the boulder and then against the tree. I also remembered the promise to be home by dark.

"This is it!" I said to Jim. "Let's quit while we're still ahead." By reversing and swinging the rudder to starboard (the motor mounts on the rudder) I brought the bow around with help of the current and headed down stream. Nearly lost control when I grabbed the camera to snap a picture of the one half of Twin Bridges then in view.

Wind, current and motor zipped us down the marked channel between rocks and buoys. The channel ended near the NW bend in the river where the broader, quieter water of Gulf Island Pond proper, worked to absorb and calm the swirling flow.

How sweet it is to sit in the warm October sun, luxuriating in smug complacency after having run the gamut of hazzards without a scratch! How brief the bliss when that ubiquitous stowaway, "Murphy", is aboard! I'm sure he evoked his impish law, for, just as I breathed a sigh of relief, the motor stalled --- no good reason. He even prompted this foolish train of thought:

"So! Who need a motor? The wind is now with us. We're approaching Ram Island. Let her drift down the eastern channel where there is sure to be a sheltered cove where we can erect the mast, hoist the main and sta'sl and be on our way. (Probably the vent in the gas cover is plugged. I'll loosen the cap -- she'll start OK when I need

her."

If the crew doubted my sagacity, no protest was made. We did find, in the lee of the island, an ideal place to tie up bow-on at a spot deck-high and could walk ashore with ease. Looking back, I caught my breath at the tranquil beauty of the little anchorage spotted with red and yellow leaves on the dark water. The westerly gusts rocked the tops of pines, showering us with the season's yield of brown spills, covering the deck and water like clouds of welcoming confetti.

Mast was up and sails set in jig time. With Jim at helm, we were soon away -- fanned on by the eager breezes. I settled down to absorb the Autumn scene in a new dimension of quietude. Progress was slow at first in the blanketed breezes by Ram and Little Ram. It seemed they were reluctant to let us go. (Or was it Murphy stealing time?)

Once committed to the one mile straightaway, the NW wind was frolicsome, to put it mildly. AZ bounded along and challenged the helmsman with every gust. One cat's paw heeled us heavily. Our counter maneuver almost ran us into some old stumps and driftwood logs, but I think Murphy was napping at that point because we squeaked by without a scrape.

AZ's draft is only fourteen inches, so we deemed it safe to pass all the islands by the east channel on our return trip. No depths are given on topo maps so we kept a sharp lookout and forged ahead. A road and farmhouse were seen on the eastern shore. A woman and child appeared on the back porch shielding their eyes from the sun to watch us. We were, perhaps, the first sailing craft ever seen on that reach of water. I waved and they waved back. As Columbus would have said, 'The natives seemed friendly'.

The eastern passage of Griswold Island was particularly enchanting. Tall pines neutralized the wind completely, but we were content to drift through the peaceful Fall interlude. A lowering sun highlighted yellow leaves of maple, birch and witch hazel under a canopy of pine green. We thought of a chapel with stained glass windows. Dark, glassy water reflected the colorful scene, inverted. In the shallows, sunken leaves, still bright, added a third dimension.

It was about four o'clock when we cleared the island and the wind filled our sails again. Turner Center Bridge was in view and I could see no problem in reaching dock before dark -- with such a fair wind we might not need a motor. I advised Jim to beach well above the bridge so we could lower the mast to pass under the structure. That he did, but our choice of beach was unfortunate in that we grounded with a span of water be-

tween us and a mooring tree.

I'm sure it must have been Murphy prompted me to say, "Forget tying up! Winch 'er down, sail and all just enough to clear the bridge. We'll slide through, raise mast and sail intact and be on our way."

I felt that Jim didn't like my plan, but decided to obey the Captain anyway. The mast began to move. It lowered a few feet, then stopped. I waited patiently; not wanting to put pressure on the crew. Meanwhile, not being very well sheltered by trees, the sail filled briefly and AZ lost her foothold on the beach.

"Stay sail's caught and cable ran off the pulley," Jim announced.

"We're afloat and drifting toward the bridge!" I spluttered, eyeing the still too tall mast.

"Can't do a thing with it!" from Jim. "Never mind! I assured him. "I'll start the motor." (I'll never be sure, but I swear I heard a voice mutter, "Famous last words!") -- that stowaway again! I set the choke and pulled the cord -- nothing! Pulled again -- nothing! One more time (with an eye on the approaching bridge) -- No response but a chuckle from Murphy (I swear).

Heroic decisions are made on the brink of disaster. "Grab an oar!" I yelled to Jim. The main sail still had about a two-third's capacity to draw. I sheeted in, lowered the starb'd leeboard, braced my butt against the tiller and manned the other oar. With that NW breeze, we just might make it to the eastern shore. There we could tie up and make repairs. We paddled frantically and with the sail's help managed a faltering steerageway. We were making it! But oh no! Fishermen in a skiff dashed ahead of us and cast their lines in the very, the ONLY, spot

we could possibly beach AZ.

"Sorry!" I called out. "We're in trouble. Can't help spoiling your fishing."

Fortunately they were an amiable pair, sculled aside and as Jim made repairs, they offered help. I explained our predicament and assured them we could handle it. In response to my fussing about the motor, they said, "We'll keep an eye on you in case she don't start."

I fancied I heard a subliminal "Oh-Oh!" and faint splash. Our stowaway knew he was becoming outnumbered and abandoned ship.

Once the cable was on track, Jim lowered the mast. We drifted under the bridge while I pulled the starter cord in a wild frenzy. Jim raised the mast, set the sail and then came aft saying, "Dad, let me try it."

I gladly handed over muttering a skeptic, "Good luck!"

One yank and old "Evie" began to purr like a kitten! I was tempted to follow Murphy over the rail.

MY old log showed our mooring to be one hour and ten minutes away; sunset, one hour. Allowing for a twilight period, a fair enough race between time and darkness.

The usual "five-o'clock-dolldrums" held off. Under sail and power, AZ paced down stream, through Clark Mountain Narrows and by Field Cove like a colt headed for a peck of oats! What a thrilling conclusion to a beautiful day of "exploration"! Jim stood the last watch. (Ol' Dad was getting tired.) He doused sail and docked like a homing pigeon. Lights in nearby houses began to glow as we silently unloaded gear and moored the Andro Zee, each privately savoring in-mind replay of our Ultimate Cruise.

By Walter Sargent



The International Scene

An industry group said that the \$45 million cut in the Corps of Engineers dredging budget could mean \$10.5 billion in lost production and 33,800 jobs.

The owners of the stricken cruise ship *Costa Concordia* offered passengers \$14,500 each if they promised not to sue but lawyers quickly calculated that a class-action suit might bring as much as \$165,000 per.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sink: Off New Zealand's Coromandel coast the long liner *Rebecca May* began to "take on water very, very fast." The crew of three was rescued from a life raft. The FV may have hit debris from the wrecked container ship *Rena* lodged on Astrolable Reef not too many miles away.

In central Philippine waters the *Seaford 2* sank after hitting a floating log while heading for Antique province. Its cargo of 35,000 bags of cement failed to provide much buoyancy.

In Turkey's part of the Black Sea the *Vera* radioed for help after its cargo of scrap metal shifted, but the bulker had sunk by the time rescue forces arrived. Three saved, eight missing.

Ships ran aground: The small container ship *Anke-Angela* ran firmly aground in the Kalmar Strait between the island of Oland and the mainland of Sweden, 70 kilometres north of the Oland Bridge. Swedish authorities suspected that the two senior officers were drunk at the time of the accident and took them ashore for testing.

In Ghana the cargo ship *Le Shan*, loaded with dumper trucks, iron rods and general cargo, ran aground because the master refused to hire a local pilot, although instructed to do so.

Ships collided/allided: On the Tennessee River, the 200' cargo ship *Delta Mariner* took out two spans of the Eggner Bridge. The vessel, which carries rocket components to Cape Canaveral and Vandenberg (California) Air Force Base, ended up anchored by the tangled mess of bent beams draped across its bow. The Coast Guard immediately closed a two-mile stretch of the river, commuters found other ways to get to work and that weekend the Army Corps of Engineers closed the entire river when it released floodwaters from the Chickamauga Dam.

Fire and explosions took a toll: In Antarctica's Ross Sea, the tooth fishing *Jung Woo No. 2* caught fire. Three died and two seriously burned were transferred to the National Science Foundation's research ship *Nathaniel B. Palmer*, which then headed for the McMurdo Base.

Tank cleaning is normally routine but dangerous. Five crewmembers died and six went missing after an explosion sank the South Korean oil tanker *Doola No. 3* north of Jawol Island near Incheon. It usually transports fuel oil but the crew was carrying out tank cleaning operations after unloading 6,500 tonnes of gasoline at Incheon. The tanker sank in shallow water and was visible, its back broken.

And off Albania the small product tanker *Edirne* sank about five kilometers from Durres after an explosion and fire. The tanker had unloaded more than 3,000 tons of fuel on the previous day. One body was found and at least two others were missing.

Humans paid a price: A stevedore acting as the ship's boss was killed while working a ship at Pier J at Long Beach, California. He and his crew were unloading 40' contain-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

ers with a wharf based crane when the top 40-footer in a stack of six on the ship twisted and then fell. Everyone scattered but he couldn't run far enough.

At Immingham in the UK, a worker fell into the hull of the panamax bulker *Excalibur* while shoveling coal and became fatally trapped under falling coal.

But other humans were rescued: It took three Kodiak based Coast Guard helicopters and one unsuccessful, weather-stricken flight to simultaneously rescue the crew of the grounded fishing vessel *Kimberly* and to pluck the survival suited crew of the sunken fishing vessel *Heritage* from the water.

And an Alaska-based Coast Guard chopper medivaced a 47-year-old man from the coastal freighter *Coastal Trader* while it was in Dead Man's Bay. He was having trouble breathing.

Elsewhere, a Coast Guard helicopter medivaced a female sailor off the amphibious warfare ship *USS Bonhomme Richard* while off the California coast. She was suffering from chest and back pains.

Several hundred miles off Hawaii, the American-flagged container ship *Horizon Reliance* took three Canadian males off their battered 33' sailboat. In the dark of night (and wind gusting to 40 knots, 20' swells), the yacht slammed into the ship and soon sank. One man managed to climb a rope ladder but the other two drifted off into the night and ended upon the other side of the ship. Thanks to the strobe lights on their lifejackets they were located, but it took nearly an hour to rescue them, father (age 39), son (age 9) and his uncle (age 33) were safe. (Horizon Lines, operating 20 vessels, is the largest domestic shipping line in the US.)

Miscellaneous incidents: A crankcase explosion forced the container ship *Hanjin Osaka* to accept a tow to Hakodate.

Elsewhere, the unmanned, cargo-less container ship *FAS Provence* was being towed by tugs *West* and *Izmir Bull* when the condition of *FAS Provence* deteriorated quickly, with the vessel taking in water and listing. Since the vessel then posed a serious hazard to navigation, regular broadcasts alerted all ships in the central area of the Mediterranean of the still floating peril.

The container ship *COSCO Yokohama* lost about 29 containers overboard in the Gulf of Alaska while enroute from China to Prince Rupert. Many other containers shifted during the storm.

The dry cargo ship *Ivan Vikutov* became stranded in ice in late January some 60 kilometers (37 miles) off Ukraine's Crimean Peninsula and then caught fire. As this report is written, it is drifting, crewless and still on fire in heavy ice in the middle of the Azov Sea. It is one of a fleet of about 40 icebound vessels waiting the arrival of icebreakers.

Gray Fleets

The US Navy has been testing methods for in-flight refueling unmanned aircraft from conventional tanker aircraft, using both drogue (Navy) and boom (Air Force) techniques.

(Next, one supposes, will be unmanned tankers refueling unmanned drones?)

Eight sailors on the amphibious assault ship *USS Bonhomme Richard* were discharged for hazing a fellow sailor, including choking him unconscious.

A US Navy diver was killed while operating from *HMCS Summerside*, a Royal Canadian Navy coastal defense vessel. He and the warship were participating in Bold Alligator, a multinational maritime training exercise off the US East Coast. The *Summerside* is described as "multi role, multi purpose, cost effective" and is basically a mine countermeasures vessel. Bold Alligator had ten nations participating, including far-off Australia and New Zealand.

The Royal Malaysian Navy lost the use of *KD Mutiara*, one of its two survey vessels, when a fire extensively damaged it while undergoing repairs.

White Fleets

A very few hours after the cruise ship *Costa Concordia* departed Civitavecchia, the port for Rome, on a week-long Mediterranean cruise, the master decided to give everyone a thrill by repeating something he had already done several times. He would make a close approach to the Tyrrhenian Sea's Isola del Giglio. (It was later suggested that he was ordered to do so.) It was safe enough since the island rises precipitously from the sea and, besides, he had made similar passes before....

I have recreated what may have happened next: Whoever was in charge on the ship's bridge was tardy in noticing a rocky outcropping and perhaps even a visible rock. Full right rudder swung the ship enough so that the deployed port stabilizer (a wing-like protuberance) missed the large boulder. But the maneuver pivoted the stern inward into the boulder. It rolled aft along the hull until it socketed itself in the hull. The 165' gash marking the boulder's path was a mortal wound. Generators kicked off, either from the impact or flooding, and the ship was both dark and propulsion-less.

The *Costa Concordia* gradually slewed outward away from the island and slowed to a virtual standstill. Somehow (did some heroic officer use the ship's tunnel thrusters or were wind and currents the cause?) it made a sharp pivot in place and then slowly floated sideways back towards the island, where it grounded very close to land, wounded side outboard. The *Costa Concordia* slowly rolled inward until it was lying on its side. Strangely, despite the earlier blackout, many lights on the ship were blazing brightly.

Over the next two hours most of the 4,500 people on board managed to escape. But there was rampant disorder and confusion and 32 crew and passengers went missing. Not helping was the fact that the ship's crew, notably including the master, failed to exercise much leadership and example. (But are senior stewardesses and cabin stewards really qualified to operate a lifeboat or direct passengers into a life raft?)

Then followed the usual statements, inquiries, posturings and sensational revelations. Searches by divers were followed by removal of fuel oil and experts began to ponder how to salvage the ship. The *Costa Concordia* tragedy will be a subject of public interest for years.

Elsewhere, touristing was less dramatic. At St Thomas in the US Virgin Islands, a tour-

ist bus collided with mailboxes and a parked SUV before plunging over a ridge and some 65' down into thick brush. Thirteen tourists from the *Serenade of the Seas* were taken to a hospital, and one with a broken hip stayed there with the company of a crewmember sent from the ship.

Usually a cruise vessel with a few sick passengers is allowed to enter a port but, based on radioed advice from a UK-based microbiologist, authorities at Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands denied landing rights to the *Star Princess* because the remote islands were unprepared to handle an outbreak of norovirus. (About 2% of those on board were sick.)

Venice wants no more cruise liners. They bring air and water pollution (up to 30% of what plagues that city) and an additional two million more tourists a year into a city already under constant siege. And one resident complains that every time a cruise ship cruises by, her toilets overflow.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Because the *Costa Concordia* had departed from Civitavecchia near Rome, local travelers tended to be nervous. The ferry *Sharden* was buffeted by a violent northeast snowstorm shortly after departing Civitavecchia. It hit a breakwater, tearing an 80' (25-meter) gash above the waterline but none of the reportedly panicky 262 passengers were hurt.

And somewhere between Active Pass and Tsawwassen in British Columbia, a middle-aged Asian jumped off the *Coastal Celebration*. An extensive five-hour search failed to find him.

In California, Taiwanese vacationers in a minivan on the Balboa Island Ferry went into the water when a black Mercedes with a stuck accelerator pedal pushed the minivan overboard. It floated just long enough for the family of four to be rescued.

Off Papua New Guinea, the ferry *Rabaul Queen* was travelling between Kimbe and Lae when it sent out a distress signal. Soon after the ferry, with up to 350 on board, sank east of Lae, the South Pacific country's second largest city and some 10 miles (16 km) from Finschhafen. Rescuers saved 238 and the number of people on board may have been lower than previously reported, perhaps only 300.

On its delivery trip from a Finnish shipyard, the new cross Channel ferry *Spirit of France* had to follow an icebreaker through 100 miles of ice. The vessel joined her slightly larger sister *Spirit of Britain* on the Dover-Calais run. At 47,000 and 49,000 gross tons, the two ferries are slightly bigger than the *Titanic*'s 46,329 tons.

Legal Matters

FBI divers from the *USCGC Cypress* and the Canadian frigate *HMCS St. John's* recovered more than 6,700kg of cocaine from a sunken semi-submersible. Scuttled by drug smugglers off Honduras, it lay 3,000' (more than 900m) deep.

In the UK the German owners of the freighter *Katja* pleaded guilty and were fined £28,015 plus costs of £5,000 for overloading their vessel. As it arrived in Liverpool from the St Lawrence Seaway with a cargo of rock salt, a pilot on a passing vessel had noticed that the Plimsoll Line and load lines were not visible and the vessel appeared suspiciously low in the water.

Nature

Neptune Canada is a 500-mile loop of underwater cable starting and ending at Vancouver Island in British Columbia. Multiple "observatories" feed back data on underwater ocean phenomena including audio effects. Listen to them plus the Japanese earthquake and more from worldwide stations at listentothedeep.com. (For those with national security concerns, fear not. The sound of naval vessels is scrubbed from the recordings before they reach the internet.)

The icebreaker *USCGC Healey* and the Russian ice-strengthened tanker *Renda* fought their way through 800 miles of tough Bering Sea ice in making an emergency delivery of 1.3 million gallons of fuel to Nome.

Metal-Bashing

Recycling of large vessels increased to where scrappers on the Indian subcontinent were paying over \$500 per ldt. And being scrapped for the first time are double-hulled VLCCs .

Imports

Singapore customs arrested five Filipino seamen for smuggling in ten packs of cigarettes even though the men argued the butts were for personal consumption. A pack of Marlboro cigarettes in Singapore costs US\$10 or around Rp 70,000, while the exact same pack in Indonesia costs only Rp 15,000. Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Somalian pirates have erected a modern telecommunications tower in their stronghold town of Hobyo. That may give them better cell phone communication plus limited access to possible victims' Automatic Identification System signals.

Identifying one Somalian pirate should be easy in the future. He has 12 toes, ten fingers and the usual two thumbs. The polydactyl and 13 other pirates were captured by the Royal Navy supply ship *RFA Fort Victoria*, part of NATO's counter piracy *Operation Ocean Shield*

Iran embarrassingly found that the US Navy is an effective substitute for the Iranian Coast Guard. The Coast Guard patrol boat *Monomoy* spotted flares and flashing lights in the Northern Arabian Gulf. The Iranian cargo vessel *Ya-Hussayn* was sinking from a flooded engine room. The *Monomoy*'s small boat took two Iranian sailors from the vessel and another four from a life raft tied to the dhow's stern. Later, after being supplied with water, blankets and halal meals, the Iranian sailors were transferred to the Iranian Coast Guard vessel *Naji 7* (Some US Coast Guard vessels carry halal meals for Muslim mariners in distress.)

A helicopter from the guided missile destroyer *USS Dewey* spotted a sinking Iranian fishing boat that two other vessels were trying to tow to safety. A boarding team found one man on the *Al Mansoor* while two other crew members had taken refuge on the assisting vessels. The three had fought flooding for three days. The rescue team gave the crew about 150 pounds of food, water and other supplies (and apparently stopped the leak) before returning to the *Dewey*.

The *USS Abraham Lincoln* Carrier Strike Group responded to a "distressed Iranian fishing dhow" that had nine crewmembers on board. The Navy team was allowed to board the vessel and quickly repaired the engine.

The Navy rescued six Iranian merchant marines from a sinking cargo ship. A Navy

destroyer rescued 13 Iranian fishermen being held hostage by Somali pirates... you get the trend here?

Danube River pirates are attacking passing tugs in Romanian waters. Armed with axes, knives and bars, groups of pirates board from small boats and steal everything they can lay their hands on, a crew's possessions and cash, cargo and vessel equipment including mooring lines, coils of towing lines and power cables. In an attack on the Ukrainian tug *Perm* underway with barges, they threatened the skipper with a knife and offered to toss a crewmember overboard. They demanded spirits, cigarettes, money and fuel.

Odd Bits

The old vessels in the James River Reserve Fleet still serve their country. SEALs practice their "standard breaching" skills by blowing holes and blasting open doors during live fire exercises on the *Del Monte*. The break bulk freighter was laid down in 1968 as *Delta Brazil* and served in the commercial trade until 1984. After being renamed SS *Del Monte* (T-AK-5049), it became part of the Military Sealift Command's Ready Reserve Force.

Much territory, including Australia and Indonesia, was wracked by Tropical Cyclone Iggy. Iggy? Is that the best the cyclone namers could come up with? (Actually, there are ten sets of names for tropical cyclones and hurricanes, one set per region such as Atlantic, Fiji Region or Northern Indian Ocean.)

New Zealand's wonderfully scenic Bay of Islands is an international yachting destination and a rubbish barge has served boaters' trash disposal and recycling needs until recently. But the barge was damaged in 2010 when a bollard was torn off, presumably by a large vessel trying to moor alongside, and it was later scrapped. The barge service had become unsustainable due to the lack of acceptance by users and the cost of emptying and maintaining the barge.

Now, yachties are taking bags of rubbish ashore and leaving them indiscriminately, and recycled bottles are getting mixed with household waste. Four new land-based recycling/rubbish sites may solve this problem. Stay tuned.

In Afghanistan, an RPG smashed into the UK's oldest military helicopter, Sea King ZA298 built in 1982, and it was badly damaged. But it was painstakingly rebuilt and now adds to its 9,000 hours of flight time. (In addition to the wound from a Taliban RPG in Iraq, it survived a 2' hole in its rotor during the Falkland War and was peppered with bullets while rescuing women and children in Bosnia. However, its service in North Ireland seems to be comparatively calm.)

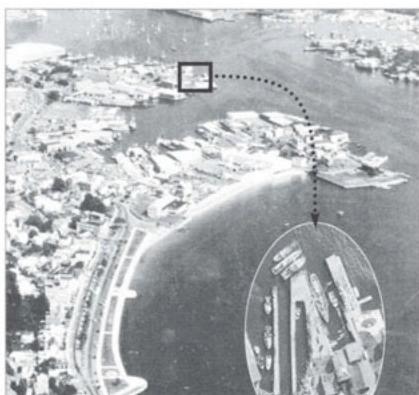
The US Coast Guard Pipe Band (yes, there is one) wears the US Coast Guard Tartan. (All four services have their own tartans. The Coast Guard Tartan is predominantly black, white and red.)

Head-Shaker

After the cruise ship *Costa Concordia* stranded itself on an Italian island, a press release from the owners quickly noted that loss-of-use of the wrecked ship would have a \$90 million impact on earnings. The statement ended on a curiously optimistic note, "The vessel is expected to be out of service for the remainder of our current fiscal year...."

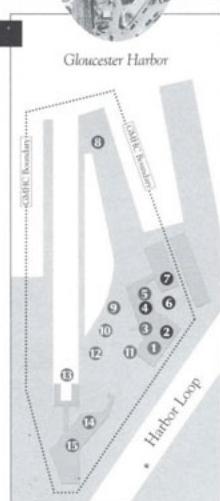
Goings on at Maritime Gloucester

A Brief Look Around



The GMHC Site

- 1 Visitor Center, Gift Shop
 - 2 Stellwagen Bank National Marine Sanctuary Exhibit
 - 3 GMHC Office
 - 4 Gorton's Seafoods Gallery (top floor)
 - 5 Sarah Fraser Robbins Education Center (bottom floor)
 - 6 Sea Pocket Lab
 - 7 Boat Shop
 - 8 Main Pier
 - 9 Dory Exhibit
 - 10 Rowing Shed
 - 11 Dive Exhibit
 - 12 Paint Shed
 - 13 Burnham Brothers Marine Railway
 - 14 Observation Deck
 - 15 Dory Shop
- Sites marked in red require paid admission:**

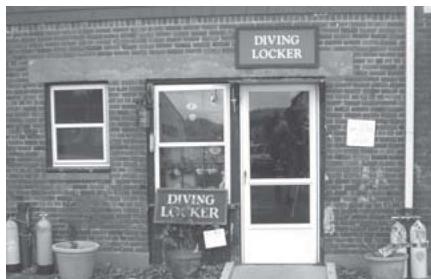


Aerial view of the Maritime Gloucester waterfront site.

23 Harbor Loop Gloucester, MA 01930
(978) 281-0470
www.glocestermaritimecenter.org



Gino Mondello's Dory Shop.



The Dive Shop/Museum features scuba diving artifacts and history from its inception.



A project in progress, *Watermark*, a Crotch Island Pinky built by Lance Lee's Bath Apprentice Shop in 1973.

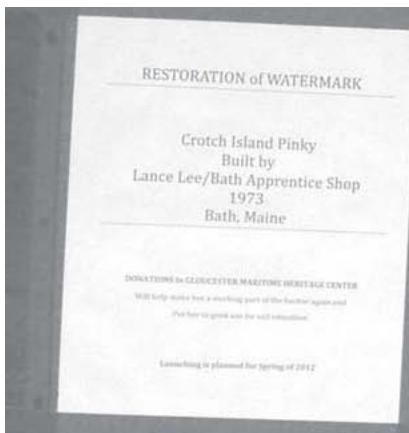
North Shore Shipwrights

On December 8 Maritime Gloucester hosted a “gathering” of interested persons to review prospects for forming a support group tentatively named the North Shore Shipwrights. Overview was to create some activity, supported by volunteers, in boat building at the Maritime Gloucester site focusing on two major aspects:

Putting the marine railway to work again, it has been idle for a while and deserves to be reactivated with some shipwright work as an ongoing display for the approximately 30,000 annual visitors the site now attracts. “Looking for a Shipyard?” describes what is on offer and invites inquiries from potential clients with appropriate wooden vessels in need of work ashore.

Building a second boat shop adjacent to the railway and the existing dory shop, an onsite privately owned business operated by Gino Mondello in which suitable projects could be undertaken with hands-on opportunities for visitors, particularly youth to participate in. About 3,000 youth visit the site annually as part of its ongoing effort to educate regional youth (mostly via school visits) to the significance of Gloucester as a fishing port for over 350 years. The hope was expressed that perhaps 1 in 100 might become interested enough to get more involved, fulfilling the mission of bringing new young boat builders into the trade.

Those attending were predominately local working boat builders, professional and amateur, and enough interest was expressed to encourage a follow up “meeting,” a more formal affair than the exploratory “gathering” at which the formation of the proposed group would be undertaken. Interested readers within reach are invited to join in.



Gloucester schooners racing last summer.



Winter waterfront.

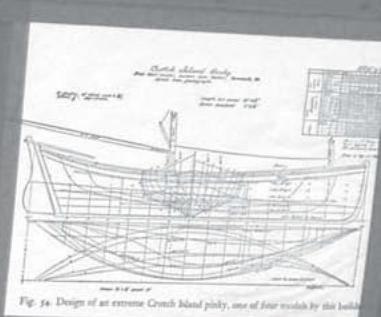


Fig. 5a. Design of an extreme Crotch Island pinky, one of four models by this builder.

Looking for a Shipyard? For Your Restoration or Building Project

We're made for each other. We're the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center, a non-profit organization that seeks to champion the preservation of Gloucester's maritime industrial history. Historic and traditional wooden vessels are repaired, restored and constructed at our shipyard on the fully restored Burnham Bros Railway, the oldest continuously operating marine railway in the country since 1849. Vessels are built and restored in full view of the public, affording visitors the opportunity to develop a respect for traditional boat building skills. We have a full crew of shipwrights, caulkers and riggers and all necessary equipment available to meet your needs. The historic Burnham Bros Marine Railway is located in downtown Gloucester, Massachusetts, a strategic New England location only 40 minutes from Boston. The railway has been fully restored to accommodate new historic wooden ship projects.

Marine Railway Capacity

Keel Length: 110'

Beam 29'

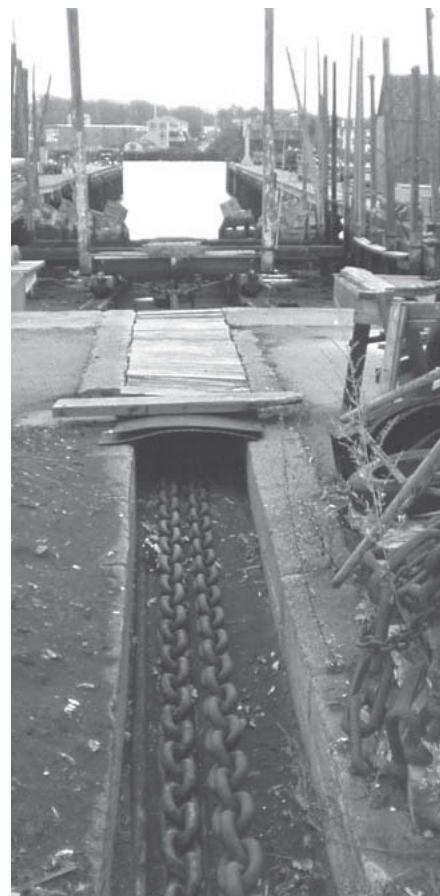
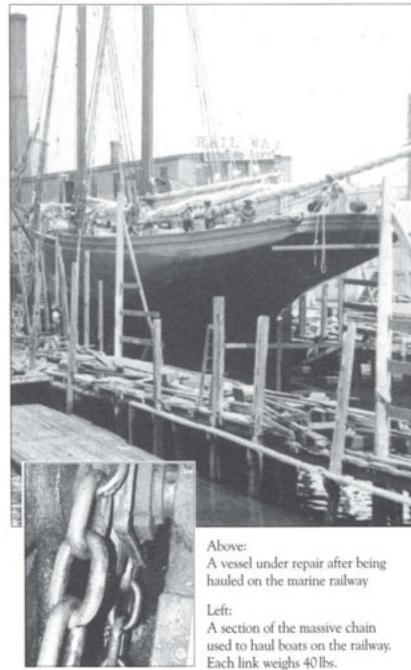
Draft: 8' forward, 14' aft

Weight: 300 tons

For rates, schedule and further details, call Maritime Gloucester at (978) 281-0470. We'd be delighted to discuss your project.

Burnham Brothers Railway

The Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center features the oldest continuously operating marine railway in the country. Named the Burnham Brothers Railway, the first rail was built in 1849 by brothers Parker, Joseph and Elias Burnham, who recognized the need for a facility that could haul boats out of the water for repairs. A second rail was added in 1856. Originally powered by steam engine, the single rail still in operation today now runs on electricity. It is capable of hauling vessels weighing up to 350 tons.



Looking for a place to go boating? Whether it is a day's outing or a vacation, water trails are for boating travelers. Water trails are boat routes suitable for canoes, kayaks, sailboats and small motorized watercraft. Like conventional trails, water trails are recreational corridors between specific locations. These trails are comprised of access points, boat launches, day use sites and, in some cases, overnight camping areas. Each water trail is unique, it could be exploration through a salt marsh, an inland river such as the Delaware or along coastal islands. The purpose of water trails is to promote safety and enjoyment while boating. They also serve to sustain a worthwhile waterway and to help build a constituency for conservation.

Water trails have designated access facilities for launching and parking. Maps may be available on a website of a sponsoring organization, along with a sample float plan. Water trail guides show "trail heads" (boat launch and takeout points) and provide background about the scenic, wildlife, historic and geological points of interest along the way.

Users develop protective feelings and foster a feeling of stewardship for maintenance and cleanup of the trails. Stewardship and maintenance are generally done by volunteer water trail users. Most water trails users follow the "Leave No Trace" code of outdoor ethics and responsible, safe use of the natural waterway.

Nationwide there are water trails in most states in the US and Canada. Many are sponsored by a nature groups, water trail organizations, county or state parks. For example, if

This Water is Your Water

By Marilyn Vogel

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

you are looking for water trails in Pennsylvania try this site:

<http://www.fish.state.pa.us/watertrails/index.htm>

Water trails are especially popular with sea kayakers. A site to try is:

http://seakayakermag.com/community/water_trails/watertrails.htm

Information is also available from the American Canoe Association website:

www.americancanoe.org

In New Jersey, for example, five water trails are:

Tidal Delaware River PA Environmental Council: www.pecpa.org

Rancocas Creek Canoe Trail: <http://www.co.burlington.nj.us/Pages/pages.aspx?cid=709>

Meadowland Marsh Traits

Jersey Island Blueway Trails: <http://wetlandsinstitute.org/>

Hamilton Trenton Bordentown Marsh Trails: <http://www.marshfriends.org>

Hamilton area canoeing and kayaking launch sites locations are:

Spring Lake at Roebling Park

Watson Woods for Watson's Creek, Roebling Park

Bordentown boat launch at Bordentown Beach for Crosswicks Creek and the Delaware River

Trenton Boat Launch for the Delaware River

Mercer County Nature and Interpretive Center, 157 Westcott Avenue; Hamilton, NJ

The Friends of the Marsh has more information on its website: www.marsh-friends.org.

My favorite water trail further afield is upstate New York on the border of Canada called the Thousand Islands Water Trail. This trail has ten routes among the islands on the Canadian side: <http://www.paddle1000.com/> Rules and guidelines that apply to this water trail are:

Please stay in your canoe/kayak at all times. The distinctive "cedar" color of the creek obscures the streambed and any hazards.

If an obstacle is encountered, only portage if you can safely do so.

Public access points are clearly signed. Please stay on the trail and respect private property.

One life jacket per person must accompany each canoe.

Wear your life jacket.

Do not attempt a trip longer than you are capable of completing.

For the beauty and health of the creek, please pick up your own trash and a little extra, if you can!

Please do not pick the vegetation.

Do not feed or approach wildlife. Enjoy from a distance.

Alcoholic beverages are not permitted on parks system property.

Driving into Leroy Zerlang's boatyard in Fairhaven, California, on the spit that encloses Humboldt Bay, I could easily ignore the unremarkable, plywood-clad, open-ended building off on the south side of the yard. In fact, when I drove in I did ignore it, proceeding toward the small, more inviting office where Justin, one of the yard hands, was working. When I inquired about the subject of my visit, he pointed me to the plywood shed and invited me to go take a look.

I went out there on that hazy winter day partly to put to rest a silly notion about starting another documentary film. I don't have time or money or, more importantly, the energy or focus to embark on another multi-year project while several other projects (two films and my house top the list) already put more demands on my time than I can fulfill. I was going to see if maybe I could do some shooting for fun, something to put on my own website or on the Vets for Peace site as promotional footage for them. Besides, this was coming to seem more like a PBS historical doc than the edgy, cinema verite style subjects that I'm more drawn to and comfortable with.

In the late '50s the Cold War was rapidly gaining steam as the US and Soviets tested ever more terrifying and destructive atomic weapons. The United States conducted above ground bomb blasts in a remote part of the Nevada desert and in the Eniwetok Atoll, part of the Marshall Islands in the western Pacific.

In March of 1958 four men set sail from California for Eniwetok in a 30' ketch named *Golden Rule*. Their intention was to sail into the proving grounds to stop a series of scheduled US atomic tests called "Hardtack" and to raise global awareness of the dangers of nuclear fallout. *Golden Rule*'s captain, Albert Bigelow, had been arrested for protesting at the gate to the Nevada Test Site the previous August 6 (Hiroshima Day) along with three dozen or so others in what was likely the first such nonviolent peace action there. They were part of an ad hoc group called Non Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons. Few heard of their principled stand in 1957, but over the next four decades that gate would become a focus of protest, with arrest numbers climbing into the thousands.

Further bomb tests were scheduled to take place in Eniwetok in April of 1958. With Bigelow's nautical experience and the force of their convictions that nuclear weapons constituted a grave and immediate threat to all humankind, they began planning for a continuation of their "experiment with truth" on the high seas.

After returning from the attempt at stopping the tests in Eniwetok, Bigelow wrote

On the beach in Humboldt Bay.—Photo by Sherry Champagne

The Golden Rule

Report & Photos Mikal Jakubal
(Other Photos from Golden Rule Project)



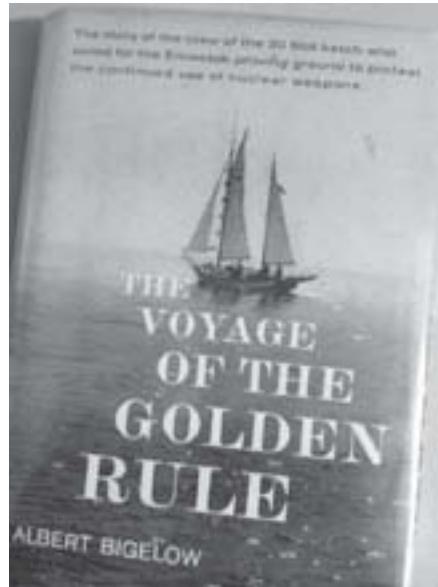
Drawing by Capt Albert S. Bigelow, courtesy of Swarthmore Peace Collection, Albert S Bigelow Papers

a book about the experience. Their journey had caught the attention of the world, not to mention the US Coast Guard, US Navy and Atomic Energy Commission, the last of whom enacted an arbitrary regulation aimed at stopping the *Golden Rule* and her crew from sailing into the testing area. The ship was twice intercepted by the Coast Guard and the crew was arrested and jailed in Honolulu until the tests were over.

Reading Bigelow's thoughts early on in the voyage to Eniwetok, there is a tragic and heartbreaking pall over their hopeful and spirited intentions. Tragic because I know, as a reader half a century later, what they could not know at the time; that neither they nor millions of global protesters who came after them would stop nuclear testing; that people would be dying of cancers downwind of testing areas in the Pacific and the United States for decades; that vast areas of land and water would be forever contaminated by the wastes of the arms race; that more land would be stolen from Native peoples in the US and elsewhere to mine for uranium; that nuclear weapons anti proliferation treaties would not

prevent the spread of these deadly devices around the world; that nations would bankrupt their economies to produce bombs while their citizens lacked basic necessities; and that 50 years later, long after the fall of communism, generals and politicians would be finding new reasons to continue to maintain nuclear stockpiles.

Crossing off the last item on my Eureka to do list, I headed westward over the Samoa bridge, turned south past the shuttered pulp mill, passed by the steaming cooling towers of the wood chip fired power plant and followed the directions I'd written on the scrap of paper to the boatyard. I had just finished reading Bigelow's book, *The Voyage of The Golden Rule*, that very morning, so my thoughts were with the boat and crew, their pioneering adventure in peace and all that had followed in their wake.



Approaching the open gable end of the plywood building, the first thing I saw were the newly replaced and lacquered planks of the *Golden Rule*'s transom. Stepping inside, the full sweep and elegant lines of the hull and keel became visible. The boat rests on her keel, held upright by blocks and posts. Her bowsprit is the only part that protrudes beyond the building, facing proudly into the weather, looking toward the water in yearning.

Planks are still missing on the port side, having been removed due to deterioration. Other rotted or damaged planking has already been repaired with new ones fashioned of a gorgeous, strong and rot resistant tropical

The shed at Zerlang's Boatyard.



hardwood known as purpleheart. Those planks stand out against the vessel's remaining paint covered original components, forming interesting patterns of color and line. The interior has been gutted to the ribs, the cabin has been torn off and almost all of the decking is gone, save for the area around the cockpit. Replacement masts from another old boat are lying on blocks outside. I don't know what happened to the original masts.

After being released from jail in Honolulu, *Golden Rule*'s crew flew home and the boat was eventually sold. Between the end of the book and this plywood shack, there is a story to fill in. What I know so far is that it ended up neglected and in need of significant work in Humboldt Bay and was taken in as a project by the boatyard's owner, Capt Leroy Zerlang, who apparently has a soft spot for wooden boats. Only later did he learn of the vessel's history and got word to the local Vets for Peace chapter. They are funding its restoration as a peace and protest boat, with plans to launch sometime in 2013. What sort of trouble the boat takes her crew into is a story yet to be written.

Reading the tale of *Golden Rule*, I couldn't help but feel a certain kinship across time. While our philosophies and approaches differed a bit, we still had the same basic revulsion to nuclear weapons testing and were willing to undertake great journeys and put everything on the line for our convictions. Neither of our groups stopped any tests, but both gave it everything in the process of trying.

Climbing up on the decking around the cockpit, I was hit with an unexpected wave of emotion, tears beginning to well up. Here it was, for real, this craft that I'd only seen in my mind's eye, in Bigelow's sketches, which pepper the book and in the one photograph on the dust cover. It was as if the crew and the energy of their journey were somehow present there in that shed. The original crew members are all dead now. But I wonder, when they looked back on their adventure throughout their lives, if they were ever curious about the boat's fate. Bigelow's writing conveys an affection for the vessel and it would be hard to not get attached to a craft that you are so bound to for survival out on high seas.

I first heard about *Golden Rule* when I sold a water tank to one of the Vets for Peace members. I became intrigued, wondering immediately about the possibility of a documentary. I ordered a copy of *The Voyage of The Golden Rule*, but my hectic schedule and the group's internal process kept me from seriously pursuing anything for the last five months. I had only just finished the book the morning before my visit to the boatyard.

While I had been intent on letting go of the idea of a film or maybe, at most, shooting a little promotional video for the group's website, members of the VFP with whom I'd spoken apparently were still excited about the idea of a documentary and hadn't forgotten. Needing to go to Eureka anyway that day (70 miles from where I live), I planned a visit to *Golden Rule* as my last stop. I brought my video camera and tripod to shoot some test footage in case the shipwright happened to be there.

My plan had been to convince myself that it was not my kind of project and that I was already over committed. I was also under the impression that most of the restoration work had been completed, providing another



reason to not take it on as a film. I prefer verite style documentaries where events unfold unpredictably in front of the camera. I'd originally envisioned this as two parallel and interwoven stories; the backstory of 1958 on the one hand and the restoration process and relaunching as a new protest boat on the other. If there were not much of a current day story, then it would be a PBS-ish historical documentary. However worthwhile, that would be something for someone else to take on.

But all of my best intentions, not to mention common sense, walked the plank when I saw the boat. When something feels right and calls to me, it is hard to let it go. There is considerable restoration work left to do on *Golden Rule* herself (plenty to carry a story) and the energy of the boat itself seems brimming with potential. Within minutes, I was mentally setting up camera angles, overhead dolly shots and working out lighting in the cramped, dreary shed.

Apparently some of the original sailors continued on as activists after leaving Hawaii. Albert Bigelow, for example, was one of the original Freedom Riders, risking life and limb to protest segregated buses in the South. Part of the research for the film will be tracing their journeys through life after the book's last page. I'll likewise try to fill in the missing history of the *Golden Rule* herself, how she went from being sold in Honolulu in 1958 to becoming a derelict washed up on the shores of Humboldt Bay in 2011.

In the end, these story threads will weave together into the fabric of *Golden Rule*'s next chapter as she sets sail anew in waters no less troubled now than on that first audacious voyage.



Our crew of volunteers, all of us are madly in love with this boat, this project and our mission to take up the antinuke protest banner and sail the waters of the US.



In the Toilet

No matter what I do or how old I get I always seem to end up in the toilet. Here I am making the last major compartment in *Helen Marie*, her head. For some reason Helen refuses to do her business in a bucket. We even went so far as to offer to make her a nice seat that attaches to the rail so she can sit out over the water, she still wants a bathroom, what happened to the wild, adventurous girl I married?



Doug's Penobscot 14

Next is a picture of Doug Engh's Penobscot 14. Doug bought the bare wooden hull and is finishing it himself. This is his very first boat build and he's all by himself so he asks me questions sometimes. I love it when he does because they're usually things that may seem obvious to me now but sure as hell weren't back when I first started. Just think of all the thousands of things that you need to know to build a boat (and still don't).



Howard's Bead and Cove Strips

We all know that lots of canoes and kayaks are made using $\frac{1}{4}$ " strips of cedar with a bead and cove profile to get a smooth hull. Well, Howard's making his new 16' melon the same way except he's using $\frac{1}{2}$ " cypress strips that he's putting the profile on with larger shapers he ordered from Grizzly just for this. He's getting really tired of running all these strips through the blades.



View from the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Before I start on all my stories I want to explain that, in spite of our output of neat boats, we are not a commercial boat shop. We're all retired and don't do anything for money (sometimes a wife will insist that we sell one before we start another but that don't count). We do sometimes get suckered, tricked or bribed into an "outside" job if it seems interesting. Now on to what's happening here:

Mike's Cortez Melon

Mike Wick sent me another shot of his new cold molded Cortez melon. He's still not completely finished building it but he can't keep off the water. He says this is really a kick ass little boat.



Joe's Old Piece of Crap Star

Joe Barnett is a boat guy like the rest of us and has more compassion for old boats than sense. He saw this really old piece of crap Star somewhere up north and had an irresistible urge to save it. He brought it down here to Florida where it sat outside for a few years waiting for me to come along, I guess. The first time I ever saw it was when Helen and I stopped by the maritime museum in Cortez to see what they were doing. You can see how excited she looks at the sight of this hulk.

And Bob Pitt was there to give me the really good news that I could have the thing for nothing, what a deal. Joe had asked the builders at the museum if they could rebuild it for him. When they pulled off the deck they found this horrible mess. I've always had a

soft spot for Stars so I took Howard back the next day to show him the boat. His response was even worse than Helen's, but he was between boats so you never know.

On the way home we got to thinking (oh, no), called Joe and told him that we'd take it to the dump for him or (and this is the insane part) we'd rebuild it for him for the cost of materials plus a little extra for Tiki Hut supplies. To our horror he said to go for it.

We got it home and found that the mess was even way worse than it had looked at the museum. The boat had been refastened at some time in the past with iron bolts and all of the wood was eaten up with iron rot. Everything in the boat had to go except for the white cedar hull planking. Howard did all of the woodwork and I did the glassing (he's allergic to epoxy). He replaced all of the frames, floors, deck beams and deck in five months. And in the middle of this the main boat shop burned up and we had to build another one, 38'x63'. Motivated old guys can do wonders.





Winter Comes to the Tiki Hut



Howard slapped the deck on his melonseed today, he has about 20 hours in it so far and we're conspiring to slow him down.



We have a new guy here at the shop, Sandy. He's transformed this little hut into a fancy shop, wish I could get him to organize all the other shops like this but he refuses. We always try that with new guys, never works.

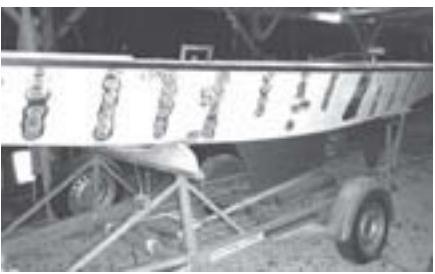


Steve read somewhere that he could bend wood on a hot stove pipe. Naturally I said "no way" and bet him \$20 that he couldn't bend these $\frac{1}{8}$ " cherry strips 90° and have them hold the bend. To my amazement they did with no trouble at all. Temperature is critical but he could move it up or down the pipe to compensate.



While this was going on Joe discovered that this was a historically significant boat.

So we finished the rebuild with a beautiful gleaming white finish and Joe took it away with a big smile on his face. She's been stored away in a hot warehouse for two years waiting for the International Star Association to get its act together and buy it from him. I got a call last week that she's got bumps. We went to see her and found that every single screw had pushed a little dimple out on the hull. What the hell?? We brought her back to the shop, sanded some of the dimples and found the answer.



The planking wasn't completely bone dry when we did the work (this is Florida) and while sitting for months in the warm building the planks shrank, forcing the screw plugs to push out a little. The last picture is Crazy Steve standing by the boat with a stunned look on his face. He's just agreed to take on this project. He keeps his talents to himself so we won't know what to ask him to do for us, but he slipped up and showed us that he's really, really good at getting perfect finishes, so he'll do this one. I guess we're all suckers for a pretty girl.



Jim put the first lap on his lapstrake boat, he's glassing the insides before he puts them on.



Lance is working on an 8' kayak for his granddaughter. His stitch and glue technique is really first class.



Wally's melonseed coming along. For a newbie, he's good. When he asks how to do something the answer is usually, "Get a bigger saw."

It is just before 8am on Day 3. Our instructor for Glued Lapstrake Boat Building, John Brooks, walks into the shop in the company of Greg Rossel, who is teaching Boat Building Techniques next door. In unison we greet them, "Good morning Mr Brooks." Rossel is blown away.

I imagine that John Brooks' reaction to our class, or any class, is much like the proponent of the Infinite Monkey Theorem. Just as a million monkeys typing for eternity might reproduce the works of Shakespeare, so it is possible the ten students could produce two boats in a week. As he observed early in the week, "You go to war with the army you have."

Last fall I attended a dinner/auction/fundraiser for the Penobscot Marine Museum. At the auction I bought a gift certificate for WoodenBoat School. Sign-up for classes did not start until 8am on January 2 of 2011. I had time to sort through the offerings, including making a brass cannon, doing forge work, working on diesels or building a glued lapstrake skiff. Having committed in my mind to glued lapstrake boat building, I faxed my application to the school at 8:03 only to find the class already filled in the first three minutes. Disappointed, I asked to be put on a waiting list. A month or so later, I got the call, so many people wanted the course that it was being offered again the week of July 3 to 9. I signed on.

Shortly thereafter I got a package with a reading list and a list of tools to bring to the class. Over the next four months I skimmed the books and started collecting the tools. Fortunately, with a father and paternal grandfather who did a lot of woodworking, I had most of the tools and found the others at a local antique store that had been the beneficiary of a number of estate clean-ups, including hand tools.

The big day came. I abandoned a house full of 4th of July guests and went to the Sunday evening dinner and meet and greet. Daughter Julia thought it would be a bunch of New Yorkers and Massholes who were

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

By Lew Payne

wannabe boat builders; it soon was apparent that my class was heavily loaded with skilled builders and woodworkers from all over the world, including a shop teacher from Arizona, a retired banker from Australia and a trucker from the Carolinas who really liked making furniture. The common denominator was a passion for boat building.

On Monday morning, the 4th of July, we met "Ellen" and the Compass Harbor Pram, the two boats we would be building. The strongbacks and molds were already set up and over the next five-and-a-half days we learned to scarf, spile planks, cut gains, mix epoxy, fasten planks with battens, bevel the planks and read veneers. We were also introduced to the mysteries of the Gain-O-Matic™, but learned that in the wrong hands it is very dangerous. As the week wore on and the deadlines approached we got better, but things got hectic. At the height of the mayhem I heard from across the shop, "Put down the plane and step away from the boat!" The whole place collapsed in laughter.

The daily routine for me was to arrive at 7:30am for breakfast, always good and hearty, sign up for lunch, be in the shop before 8am to clean up, work until noon, eat lunch for an hour, and back in the shop until 5pm, dinner at 6pm and then home. Most of the other students either camped or had rooms on campus, but my summer place was 20 minutes away.

At the end of the week we had two nearly complete boats popped off the molds. To dispose of them, a raffle was proposed with prices fixed ahead of time. The winner of the raffle got the boat at that price. The price for "Ellen" was \$1,000, representing the cost of materials. Based on man hours, at \$15/hour, the boat was worth over \$7,000. I

was the logical buyer as nearly everyone else would have to ship the boat to get it home, but as it was not the boat of my heart's desire and I knew all of the mistakes built into it (none major), I passed. Still, there was a lot of spirit in that boat, a lot of laughter and good times and teamwork.

According to Rich Hilsinger, director of the school, for many a stay at the WoodenBoat School is a life changing event. For me, after 38 years of giving away money and trying to get it back (commercial lender), I came to the class with the least skills, learned the most and left the class with the least skills. While I am not ready to leave my wife and walk into the Maine woods with nothing but an adze and a flint and steel seeking the perfect tree to build the perfect boat, I certainly have a greater understanding and appreciation of the design and building process. I have been an avid girl watcher since my teens, have developed a fine eye for horseflesh, know how to assess a motorcycle and after a welding class found myself looking at and assessing welds as I come across them. Now I can do the same with wooden boats.

In preparing for the course I would recommend sharpening your tools and practicing on some scrap wood at home to gain some confidence in their use. I had not and was plagued the whole week with dull tools and the fear that I would be the one to take a plane across some critical plank and destroy the work of the other nine workers, so I hung back.

So a couple of weeks after the class had ended, I packed to go to our cottage in Brooksville for the weekend and took all my edged tools to be sure they were properly sharpened. I spent all Saturday afternoon honing and stropping and they are much improved. At the end of the afternoon I reached randomly into a pile of *WoodenBoat* magazines that I have saved over the past couple of decades. Ironically, I picked October 2000, and there on the cover was Mr Brooks introducing the construction of "Ellen." It was a sign! Thank you, Mr Brooks!



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AREY'S POND BOAT YARD

1ST QUARTER NEWSLETTER

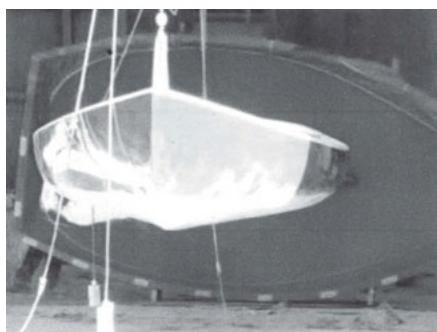
Welcome to the 2012 Season!

A winter visitor to our docks.—Photo by Jan Schneider www.areyspondboatyard.com

Goings-On Around The Yard

Arey's Pond boat building and service shops are busy building, restoring, and preparing boats for the spring season. The mild winter to date has been a great help to us in staying on schedule.

Restorations of two 1994 APBY Cats are well underway and both boats will be moored in Arey's Pond for the 2012 season. We are also busy refinishing the cockpit and cabin on a Cape Cod Shipbuilding Cat and applying new topside finish and varnish to a 1960s Wianno Senior. We are also building an Open 16 that will be the first Lynx without a cabin to be moored in Arey's Pond!



New hulls arriving at the yard for completion!

Leslie reviews her fine work on *Conjurer*.



Victory, in our new Rayber Road shop, being wrapped for her trip to Belize.



Junior Cat arrives safely in Frankfurt, Germany!

Miss Moneypenny, an APBY 14, will be arriving in Australie any day now!



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Model Tug *Torrent* Restored

A model of the tug *Torrent* has recently been restored and will be unveiled to the public as part of the new "Push and Pull: Life on Chesapeake Tugboats" exhibit, opening at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, on April 21. The exhibit continues through 2014.

Torrent was used as a fireboat in Baltimore Harbor before later working as a tugboat. The city of Baltimore, with its port facilities sprawling around the shores of the Patapsco River, has long relied on a fleet of fireboats to protect valuable waterfront property. The largest vessel to serve the city was the appropriately named *Torrent*, which served along with fireboats named *Cataract*, *Deluge* and *Cascade*.

Built on the hull of a steam tug, *Torrent* was launched in 1921 and served until 1956 when she was replaced by a modern diesel fireboat. Carl T. Allison, an engineer on the *Torrent* in the 1930s and 1940s, used his leisure time to build this model of the boat he served aboard. The model was gifted to CBMM by Mildred T. Allison, in memory of Calvin F. Allison.

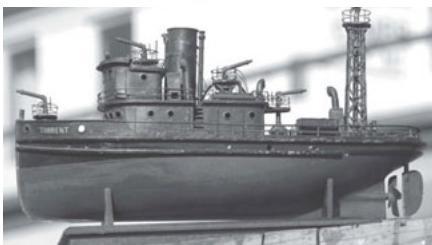
The model came to the museum with several parts missing or separated and CBMM Model Guild member Ed Thieler volunteered to conserve it for the upcoming tugboat exhibit. The model features not only the five monitors, or nozzles mounted on the main deck, pilothouse, aft deck house and tower, but a grate below the waterline for the water pump intake, discharge gates where hoses can be attached and other such details.

Although not a scale model (it is proportionately a little too wide and too deep for its length) many of the technical details are included. This attention to detail is typical of "sailor made" models, those constructed by a member of a vessel's crew who knew it intimately.



Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum News

CBMM's upcoming "Push and Pull: Life on Chesapeake Tugboats" exhibit explores the world of Chesapeake tugboats and the men and women who work on them. For more information, call 410-745-2916 or visit www.cbmm.org.



The model tug *Torrent*, shown here in front of CBMM's river tug *Delaware* now under restoration.

Chris Sanders Joins CBMM

Chris Sanders, of Newport, Rhode Island, has joined the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St Michaels, Maryland, as a journeyman shipwright. Sanders

work begins on the three-year restoration project of the historic skipjack, *Rosie Parks*. He currently resides in St Michaels, Maryland.

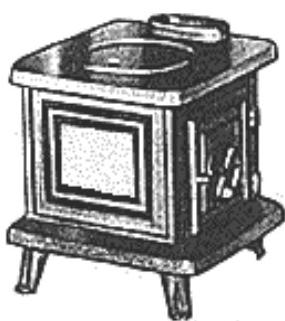
Sanders previously served as a museum apprentice from 2008 to 2009, when he worked alongside CBMM's Boat Yard Program Manager Dan Sutherland to build *Vita*, a 9½' tender for the 1888 classic racing yacht *Elf*. Sanders also worked on the bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood* and assisted in the day-to-day preservation of the museum's historic fleet of Chesapeake vessels.

After leaving CBMM in 2009, Sanders enrolled in the International Yacht Restoration School in Newport, Rhode Island, receiving his proficiency in yacht restoration degree in June 2011. He worked restoring mahogany runabouts in Bristol, Connecticut, prior to rejoining CBMM.

CBMM's professional shipwright apprenticeships are awarded using a rigorous interview and selection process. Once accepted, apprentices engage in restoration and maintenance work under the guidance of master shipwrights and receive training for interacting with the public. Upon completion, shipwrights move forward into boat building careers and other related professions. For more information, visit www.cbmm.org or call (410) 745-2916.



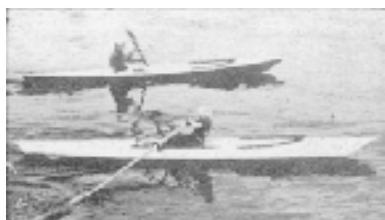
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The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

From the Shop Floor

By Graham Walsh, Shop Manager

Apprentices Josef Eggert, Matt Dirr and Simon Jack are at work replicating a 15' Whitehall-type pulling boat. The original hull, from which they are taking the lines, is on loan to The Apprenticeshop from the Maine Maritime Museum, where it has been in its collection since 1971.

The boat was originally built in 1905 by Lyman Oliver, a man better known for his carpentry and joinery skills in the small town of Phippsburg, Maine, but capable of building a hardy river boat as well. It was built to tend the 1897 established Perkins Island Lighthouse, on the small 6.9 acre island in the Kennebec River, just across from Parker's Head, in perfect location to aid the 3,000+ ships that annually navigated from the river's mouth to Bath and Gardiner.

The boat has mounting for a mast and small sail, but also at some point was con-

verted astern to hold a small engine, which would have been handy given the Kennebec's strong currents.

The project is an unusual one for the Shop, we are building the replica in collaboration with the Museum: after apprentices loft her and build the backbone and frames in white oak here, they will trailer her to Bath where students and volunteers at the Museum's Boat Shop (the original Apprenticeshop) will take on the cedar lapstrake planking.

Apprentices will engage in sewing new sails for her and building the rig out of spruce while the boat is away. Once the planks are in place, the Museum will send her back to the Shop, where Eggert, Dirr and Jack will finish and launch her in June.

So far, the lofting process has been a challenge, the team notes. The unique transom (part peapod, part wineglass) of the boat

presented some interesting problems in determining what exactly was fair. Also, the addition of an inboard engine at some point in the tender's history may have necessitated a replacement of a wider stern knee, which also affected the lofting process.

The collaboration project is part of a year-long series of projects and events shared with the Shop and Maine Maritime Museum, to celebrate our respective 40th/50th anniversaries. The new pulling boat will be on display at the Museum throughout the summer. Chances to win the boat in a September raffle drawing will be on sale at the museum starting in July.

(Left to right) Apprentices Eggert, Dirr and Jack taking lines from the Perkins Island Lighthouse tender.



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Designed to change the way we play and sleep on the water, the Footprint Boat is 27' long, trailerable and sleeps six comfortably. The sleek design and lightweight materials make it durable, fuel efficient and easy to handle. Designed, constructed and tested in the waters in and around Victoria BC, this boat offers affordable and comfortable adventuring for kayakers, fishermen, families, campers, anyone who loves to get out on the water and explore.

Builder Ian Collombin developed the Footprint concept and gained inspiration from his many adventure travels; canal boats of Europe, Airstream trailers, Westfalia Campervans, multi-hulls and trailerable boats and tent trailers all play into the Footprint's design and easy to use amenities.

Available boats on today's market able to accommodate six are too large to be trailered and too expensive for the average family. High mooring rates, upkeep costs and fuel prices are factors that have caused many to rethink boating as a hobby and lifestyle. A trailerable boat greatly reduces costs and expands cruising horizons. The Footprint Boat is the answer.



Ed Link and his Linkanoe

By Tom McCloud and Bob Snyder
Reprinted from *Wooden Canoe*
August 2010
Journal of the
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

The 1920s were the early days of aviation, and Edwin A. Link, Jr, a teenager at the time, became enamored with airplanes. He hung around fliers, and took "rides," which passed as flying lessons in those days and at 23 he earned a pilot's license.

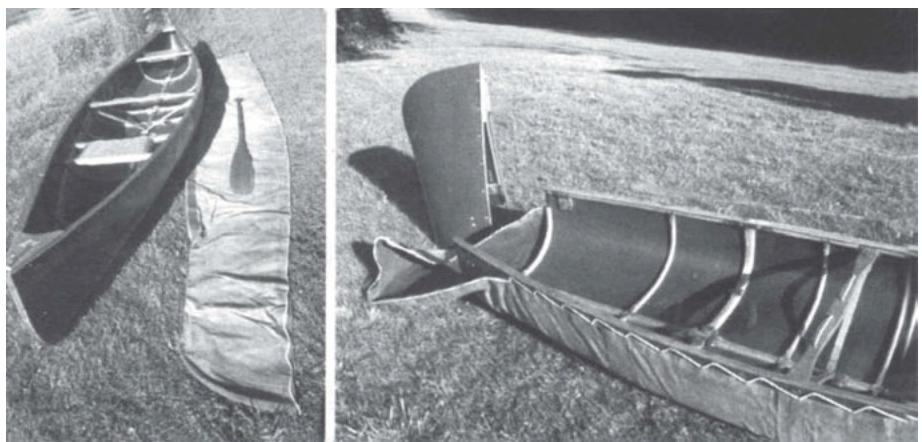
Born in Huntington, Indiana, in 1904, Ed grew up in Binghamton, New York. He worked in his father's piano and pipe organ factory, where he showed a knack for all things mechanical. Against his father's wishes he did not attend college, but instead repaired motorcycle and airplane engines, managed the Binghamton airport, did "barn-storming" and aerial advertising and ran a flying school. And it was in Binghamton, about 1929, that he invented the first flight trainer. Utilizing his knowledge of pipe organ pneumatics, he built what became known as the "Blue Box" trainer. The device was perched on a pedestal, which an instructor could control in three dimensions, pitch, yaw and roll (which, if you think about it, is not so different from paddling whitewater) giving a pupil the "feel" of piloting an airplane. Link Aviation was born.

In 1929, Marion Clayton, a graduate of Syracuse University and a reporter for the Binghamton newspaper, interviewed the young industrialist, Ed Link. Two years later they married, and through the tough times of the 1930s, they worked together to keep Link Aviation going. When Ed took on a problem he was fanatical about solving it, working nonstop for long hours and always with classical music playing in the background. Though sales were slow and some Link trainers went to amusement parks as novelty rides, Ed continued to develop his flight trainer, particularly by adding instrumentation to school pilots in instrument and night flying.

The British Royal Air Force signed a contract with Link Aviation in 1937 for several hundred trainers. The RAF, however, required that the trainers be manufactured in a Commonwealth nation and so Link Manufacturing Ltd was established at Gananoque, Ontario, Canada, just across the St Lawrence River north from Watertown, New York. Aside from being the closest location in Canada to Binghamton, Gananoque was chosen in part due to its proximity to the Link's vacation home on nearby Perch Island in the Thousand Islands and Ed could easily commute by flying his plane the 170 miles between Binghamton and Gananoque.

With the start of World War II the demand for pilots was tremendous. A training center for British pilots was established at Gananoque, in part because the Link trainer factory was there. During the war thousands of Link trainers were shipped around the world, and tens of thousands of US, Canadian, British, Australian and other Allied nations pilots received their early flight training in Link "Blue Boxes." But with the end of the war, the demand for trainers collapsed.

Ed Link was also an outdoorsman who enjoyed hunting, fishing, and boating. He



Ed Link's patent for the Linkanoe. He had about 75 patents awarded; #2,406,085 was for a "Sectional Canoe or the Like". This patent shows a sectional canoe of eight pieces made watertight with a pneumatic bladder between sections. There are photographs of canoes lacking the canvas skin and it is assumed that these were prototypes built according to the patent design.

leased a wilderness retreat at Crooked Lake, Quebec, and he would fly there in his Grumman G44 Widgeon, a twin-engine, five-seat amphibious airplane. (Remember the TV show "Fantasy Island" and "Ze plane! Ze plane!" The plane that delivered guests to the island was a Grumman Widgeon). But Link wanted a canoe that could be carried in the plane, and since none was available, he invented one, the Linkanoe. To keep his factory and workmen employed following the war, Ed Link repurposed the Gananoque facility, using it for building several different types of canoes and wooden boats. The Linkanoe was introduced at a public relations event at the Lexington Hotel in New York City on December 12, 1945.

Building the Linkanoe

The Linkanoe, though built of wood and canvas, has a construction totally unlike traditional wood and canvas canoes. The canoe consists of ten sections that are assembled into a hard hull, held together by metal clips. Once assembled, the hull is 14½' long, 36" amidships, 12½" inches deep and flat bottomed with slight tumblehome and moderate sheer; it is made watertight with a canvas skin. These ten shaped sections are formed from Micarta, a Bakelite-type hard plastic made by impregnating cloth with phenolic resin, which gives it a dark red-brown color and was in use at the time to make things like electrical insulators and mounting plates for the tube sockets for vacuum tubes in radios. Rectangles of Micarta were shaped into hull sections with heat and pressure applied with a screw press which had been built in house, over molds. Because the boat is symmetrical, it is probable that only five molds were required to make the ten canoe sections.

Each formed Micarta section is "framed" to the inside of the canoe with wood. Nearly all the wood used in Linkanoes is a birch laminate, probably made with a phenolic or resorcinol adhesive. These frame members, or "ribs," are only ¾" square, yet contain 11 thin layers of wood! A 4" round groove is cut lengthwise in the center of the laminate along one of the edges. On the corners where these wood strips come together, they are joined with finger lap joints, additionally secured with a copper rivet.

Lacking the "rigidity" that comes with a traditionally built hull, this construction technique has an obvious advantage; there is none

of the "spring back memory" in these laminates as there would be in steam bent solid wood ribs. These ribs were tacked on to the front and rear and along the keel line of each Micarta section with steel "twist" brads. On alternate sections of the hull, a wooden dowel was laid in the ¼" groove and tacked there with brads, thus creating a sort of "tongue and groove" joint for adjacent sections. For additional strength, there are many flat, steel reinforcing plates, some shaped like wishbones (14 pieces) and others like dog biscuits (eight pieces) attached to the wooden frame on the inside of the hull with steel screws.

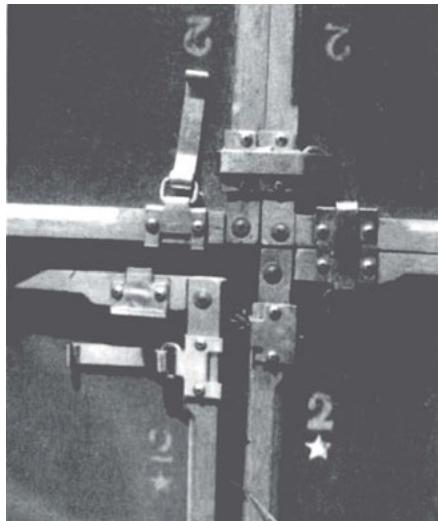
An additional strip of laminate made of three thicknesses of wood is held onto the top with steel wood screws driven in from the top, giving a sort of "closed gunwale" appearance. Just beneath this gunwale cap on the exterior of the hull, a line of metal furls are affixed with screws set at 4½" intervals. Once section assembly was done, both surfaces were sprayed with varnish. On the exterior of each Micarta section, a serial number was stenciled in red paint, and each section of a single canoe got the same number. The Type C-3 Link Trainer, built in 1943, which is at the Glen Curtis Museum in Hammondsport, New York, is constructed of exactly the same sort of wood laminate and Micarta materials.

To hold the ten sections together there are several metal clamps on each section, 29 in total, which pull adjacent sections of the hull tightly together. The Gananoque factory had a well equipped machine shop that fabricated the metal parts, special tools and jigs and its own electroplating shop where all the metal components were nickel plated. Other tools in the shop included a variety of common hand and power tools, Black & Decker drills, screw guns, routers and such and a woodworking shop with a planer and jointers which were used in the boat building.

From Plane to Paddle

If you had all the pieces of a Linkanoe lying in front of you, it would not be obvious how they should be assembled. Ed Link had a solution to this problem as well. There are four places where four sections of hull have to come together. A number painted in red is found on each inside corner near the keel line where it abuts its neighbor. All one needs to do is locate all four number 1s, all four number 2s, and so on, and place them together. The best way to get the hull assem-

bled is to clip together the respective left/right sections, then pull two adjacent bow/stern sections together. When the metal clips are pushed down firmly, they lock, and there are additional metal clamps underneath the gunwale cap to secure the gunwale sections.



Each section of the canoe is marked. To assemble it was a matter of matching the numbers and fastening the clamps.

After all ten hull sections are locked together, the deck plates, seats and center thwart get installed. The two triangular deck plates, about 10" long and made of three-layer wood laminate, serve the function of locking together the left and right gunwales. While holding the bow halves (or stern halves) together, it is just a matter of turning the eyebolt that extends from the top, so that a "pinch bar" pulls up from below to grab underneath the inwales and firmly hold the port and starboard sections together.

The seats are made of solid wood with an OD (olive drab) canvas covered cork flotation block underneath. Once the sections are together, the bow and stern seats, positioned 4½' and 12' from the bow respectively, can be forced into place and held there by spring loaded metal clips. The solid wood center thwart is similarly held in. Two struts, hinged underneath the thwart, engage screws

The Linkanoe was built to travel in a plane and it served the same purpose in an amphibious airplane that the dinghy serves on a sailboat, to get from the vessel to the shore and back. This couple shows how it is done assembling a Linkanoe on the wings of a Grumman Widgeon.



on the keel line. When in place, this triangular arrangement forces the center of the hull downward and gunwales apart to establish the hull shape.

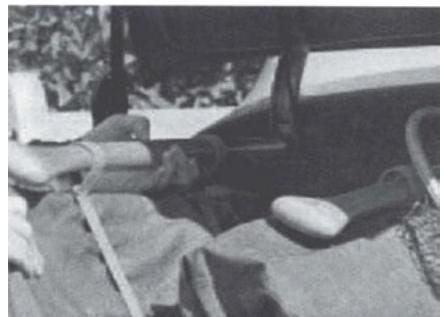
On top of this center thwart is an oval decal, about 2½" long, that reads "Gananoque Manufacturing Company." On the thwart is a length of shock cord which holds the paddle blades in place to serve as a portaging yoke. Assembly by one person takes 15 to 20 minutes.

With the rigid hull assembled, the final step is to stretch the canvas skin over it. Not surprisingly, the skin was Army type OD canvas duck, fabricated by the Eureka Tent Company of Binghamton, New York. (Would you guess that there might have been a lot of OD canvas remaining at Eureka Tent in 1945?) At the time, canvas duck used for Army tents was made water repellent during the dyeing process by adding wax, soap, and aluminum acetate or formate to the dye pot so that the finished fabric contained not less than 3% and not more than 6% wax.

There are two "canoe shaped" strips of canvas sewn with a simple single seam along the keel line that make up the Linkanoe skin. To provide additional protection and strength to the seam, a 2" wide strip of heavy cloth webbing is glued to the exterior along the keel line. Also along the top edge, the canvas is rolled over to the inside by 1" with a single seam sewn in. Tacked directly onto the canvas at about 4½" intervals is a single length of ¾" cloth covered rubber "shock-cord."

On each deck plate is a 2" circular decal in green, red, and yellow, featuring a standing woman in a short romper holding a large sack in each hand. Along the top of the circle is written "YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU," which was a Linkanoe advertising slogan. A canoe shape banner with "LINKANOE" printed on it in red ink extends across the decal. On the underside of the deck plate is an aluminum box, which is a hiding place for car keys or storage for a few repair items maybe a tube of Ambrold glue and scraps of canvas. Inside the box, stamped on the wood, are the words "PATENT PENDING."

To attach the canvas, the rubber shock cord is stretched over the 34 metal furls on each side just below the gunwales, holding the skin tightly in place over the hull. The boat is now ready for put-in.



The "LINKANOE" decal.
How the canoe paddles could be used to help carry the canoe bags.

Disassembly of a Linkanoe goes quickly until you get to the metal clips that hold the sections together, as they cannot be released using fingers alone. Ed Link knew it was a problem and even designed a solution for it: grab a deck plate and use its curved metal point to get underneath the metal clip and pry it upward to release. With the canoe disassembled, the red and white stars painted on the hull sections indicate how to stack the sections so they fit most efficiently back into the two canvas storage sacks that the canoe came in. All the hull sections, seats, thwart, deck plates, and skin fit inside these two sacks, it properly packed.

Original Linkanoe paddles were two-piece and were held together with a brass ferrule; the two handle sections were used as carrying handles on the storage sacks. These two sacks could be stored in an apartment closet, then hauled to the lake in the trunk of

The young woman in the decal looks remarkably like the woman loading a canoe into a 1946 Ford in this public relations photo. She has the same style hair, open toed sandals and the short skirted romper.



a car for a day of paddling or fishing fun in the sun.

A Short-Lived Venture

As neat a package as the Linkanoe was, it apparently was not a financial success. Though, intended to be carried in an airplane, it is not a light canoe, weighing 65-70lbs, probably because of all the metal clips and reinforcing. Whether the canoe parts were imported into the US from Canada, or the canvas skins exported to Canada, there were tariffs to be paid. The canoe sold for \$169.50 FOB, Binghamton; other canoes sold at the time were cheaper. It was not a "showy" canoe and maybe folks had seen enough OD canvas in the previous five years to last a lifetime.

During the three years of production, the Gananoque factory made perhaps 4,000 sectional watercraft, which includes the Linkanoe, a Linkskiff (which had the hull as a Linkanoe, but with a center seat and oarlock, a folding square stern Linkboat and a 9' Linktender. A sail kit was offered as an accessory. Gananoque also produced two rigid wooden boats, the 15' Heron and the 12' Carr-carry that are not believed to be included in these production numbers. Production ceased November 1, 1949, and a closeout sale was announced to liquidate inventory. Unsold inventory was returned to the Link Aviation Binghamton plant.

Former employees there recount stories of a large storage room filled with canoe parts. One Link employee in Binghamton bought 100 Linkanoes for less than \$50 each and sold them in his sporting goods store in the early 1950s. Well into the 1950s, Link employees were sometimes given a Linkanoe as a bonus for a job well done. These "bonus" canoes may have been made up from whatever parts were available in the factory, including both parts of unsold boats and parts that had been returned, and seconds.

When a customer would return a defective section of a boat, it was replaced, but the part that was sent out did not necessarily have section numbers that matched the customer's canoe. Today, a Linkanoe with nine identical numbers and one that is different, probably indicates that the different section was a replacement. If most of the numbers are different, then it was probably a "bonus" canoe made up of parts garnered from the stock in the factory. If the owner was a non paddler, the bonus canoe often ended up in the basement, which explains why many Linkanoes have turned up in the Binghamton area. If they have been stored dry, the hulls are often found in excellent shape but the canvas skin, after 50 years, is always dry rotted and unusable.

Having made his fortune in the manufacture of the Link Trainer, the Linkanoe and its lack of success was only a minor sidelight in Ed Link's life. He is quoted as saying that he had never been much interested in making money, though he knew it was necessary for survival. Running a big company was not something Ed enjoyed. "Ed is perfectly happy as long as he has something to repair; the more it taxes his ingenuity the better," an old friend said. He gradually withdrew from Link Aviation in the mid-1950s and that company eventually became part of Singer Corporation.

Not the kind of guy who retires at the age of 55, Ed Link soon developed new passions, continuing to innovate and invent along the way. Ed always liked boating and sailing. He became interested in competitive ocean sailboat racing, and by using his knowledge of



Marilyn Link, Ed Link's sister, by a Grumman Widgeon and row of Linkanoes at an airstrip. The canoe in the foreground marked "Linkanoe" is Ed Link's personal canoe.

aviation weather maps, was able to compete very effectively against much more experienced sailors. His next pursuit was underwater exploration, and along with industrialist Seward Johnson, established the Harbor Branch Foundation in Ft Pierce, Florida (now a part of Florida Atlantic University), and built the Johnson Sea-Link research submarine. (Several Sea-Link articles appeared in *National Geographic*, including "Exploring the Drowned City of Port Royal," by Marion Clayton Link (February 1960: 151-183).

Despite various health conditions, Ed Link continued to be very active in his 70s, restoring two Link pipe organs to working condition. He died of cancer at his home in Binghamton in 1981.

Ed Link's many inventions were great technical contributions to both aviation and deep sea exploration. Late in his life, he estimated that 500,000 people had learned to fly in Link Trainers. His quirky little canoe, though just a footnote in the history of canoeing, is still a most interesting sidelight.

Postscript

The factory at Gananoque, along with the boat molds and tools, was sold to Charlie Cliffe in 1960. Charlie had started working there in 1947 at age 19, and for many years he continued to build Cliffe Craft wooden powerboats, strip built up to 15' and lapstrake up to 30' in the former Link factory.

Good friends of the Links were Jim and Tony Lewis, founding trustees of the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, which is just across the river from Gananoque. The museum also houses the Marion Clayton Link Archives.

In 1970 the Edwin A. Link Hall of Engineering was dedicated at Syracuse University, the Link Building at Florida Institute of Technology houses the Department of Marine and Environmental Systems, and in 1993 the Marion Clayton Link Endowment in Creative Writing was established at Binghamton University.

Linkanoe Database

How many Linkanoes, Linkboats and Linkskiffs are still out there? We don't know. Between us we have six-and-one-half canoes (Tom has "one-and-one-half," Bob has five). There are two, plus a Linkboat, at the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, and another at Florida Institute of Technology. If you have a Linkanoe or other Link-built boat or know where one is located, please let us know.

Try to include the number, which is in red paint on each section, and note if the number is the same on every section. Let us know how the Linkanoe is rigged, for paddling, rowing or sailing. And include the history of the canoe, who bought it, where and how was it used, who is the present owner. Email to tommccld@gmail.com or rsnder@binghamton.edu.it.

Authors

Tom McCloud, WCHA member #4654, is a chemist and whitewater paddler who has been learning antique canoe restoration from the guys in the Upper Chesapeake chapter in Havre de Grace, Maryland. His Linkanoe was originally purchased by Dr Herrick Johnston, a chemistry professor at Ohio State, in about 1946. Johnston's field was cryogenics and his research led to the use of liquid oxygen and hydrogen in rockets. The Linkanoe traveled with the family along with a small Gilkey collapsible tow-behind camper. He purchased the canoe from Peggy Johnston Gurney, who with her husband and three children, lived in many places around the world, and the Linkanoe always went with them. In Iran in the 1970s, they lived in an apartment building with a vertical airshaft, and lacking any other space, hung the canoe there in an airplane drop bag. Tom has never been able to locate a serial number on this hull. If there is someone out there who knows the tricks of sewing a canvas skin and can save Tom a painful learning experience, he would like to talk with him or her.

Bob Snyder lives in Binghamton, New York, and has worked at Binghamton University for many years. He collects canoes and currently has 25, including five Linkanoes.

Sources

The Roberson Museum in Binghamton, New York, has a display on Ed Link and his aviation trainers, and a Link pipe organ, but not a Linkanoe. A 12-page booklet, *Ed Link and the Linkanoe*, is available from the Roberson Museum gift shop (<http://www.roberson.org>) for \$3. A portion of the Link Aviation Co. archives primarily relating to the Link Trainer, but with some Linkanoe-related photos are at Binghamton University, <http://library.binghamton.edu/specialcollections/linkdigital.html> with another archive pertaining to the Sea-Link submarine at the Evans Library, Florida Institute of Technology, Melbourne, FL, <http://lib.fit.edu/Edwin/biography.php>

Contributing to this article were Charlie and Mollie Cliffe. Charlie still lives near



The Hillcrest facility in Binghamton with a display of all the Link watercraft.

Gananoque in Wilstead, Ontario, and still builds wooden boats of the St Lawrence Rowing Skiff style. See <http://www.wilstead-woodcraft.com>.

Also contributing was John Taylor, whose father, Keith, was the factory manager in Gananoque in 1946. He provided additional bits of useful information and photos.

Information on waterproofing of canvas during the WWI era came from the United States Army, Quartermaster Museum, Fort Lee, VA, <http://www.qmuseum.lee.army.mil>

Patty MacLeish, "WhatCHA know?" *Wooden Canoe* Issue 90, December 1998. Includes photographs of a Linkanoe.

Lloyd L. Kelly, *The Pilot Maker* (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1971). This book covers the early days of Link Aviation and is primarily a history of flight trainer development.

Marion Clayton Link, *Sea Diver: A Quest for History Under the Sea*, (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, 1961).

Susan Van Hoek with Marion Clayton Link, *From Sky to Sea, A Story of Edwin A.*

Link (Flagstaff, AZ, Best Pub. Co., 2003!) A chronology based on Marion Link's diaries with an emphasis on Link submersibles.

Care and Maintenance

Looking for a Linkanoe for restoration? They turn up on eBay several times each year. When examining a boat look for delamination of the wood. If delamination is minor, slivers of veneer can be pushed into gaps and epoxy resin injected into these places using a syringe, and then clamped to effect repair. If a rib is cracked, a section can be cut out, and the laminate rebuilt, overlapping at both ends for strength, giving a sort of "stair steps" appearance to the patch when viewed from the edge.

If the canoe has been poorly stored, the birch may have deteriorated badly, and if that is the case, the damaged area will have to be cut out and replaced. Epoxy does a reasonable job of binding together cracks in the Micarta hull. The steel screws and nails, if rusty, will have stained the wood, and neither rust stain nor rusty hardware can easily be removed. Varnish comes off easily with stripper, which on short exposure does not damage the Micarta.

These repairs are simple enough for the basement woodworker, but time consuming. The metal clamps and braces can be removed and replated. But there is no source for replacement canvas skins, you would have to buy canvas and sew one for yourself. A 14.9oz "wet finish" OD cotton duck comes close to the original. There are rumors that a Linkanoe, lacking a skin but, with lots of duct tape over all the joints, was seen floating on the Susquehanna River near Binghamton.

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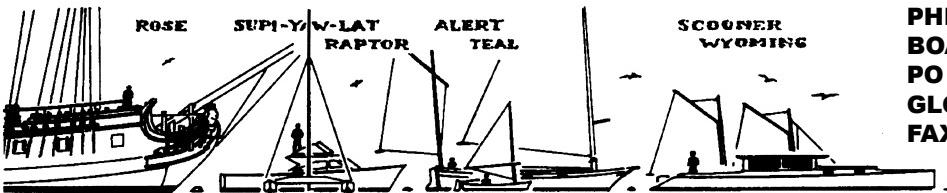
Bi-monthly journal, *Wooden Canoe*

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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

During our stay at the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center we had the large shop doors opened up as much as the weather allowed to attract people to observe the construction of publicly funded SACPAS-3. So we came to hear a range of reactions once folks grasped what exactly they were looking at, for whom it was being built, to what purposes and out of what materials. A lot of questions and answers might fly back and forth and a lot of megapixels got leveraged to capture all sorts of angles of the project.

There were the kind, at times sweet, supportive words of generosity based on intrigue about seeing a boat being built, "touchable" even, being put together by Roz and Susanne, with kids and adults alike often allowed to explore the craft, and only one eager boy ending up making off with some wet epoxy, cleverly hidden on the back of the head.

Then there were those who observed and examined the proceedings but would not let us get near, reading the bubble over their head as to their response.

And then there were those who eventually came to burst with compulsion to express grave misgivings, even hint at the possibility of outright alarm. Whether they were known to be local or from another "Quadrant," some were just common drive-by artists exhibiting acute and inflamed Project Envy Syndrome whom we (carelessly perhaps) left to their condition as they would wander back out disoriented.

It usually went something like this:

"I would not have expected you to do it like this."

"Nobody serious would consider plant matter anymore to build any working craft out of. They now have fiberglass, steel, aluminum..."

"Why would the Navy want this built in plywood?"

"Who came up with that idea?"

So we proceeded to share the following perspective, typically though in less ambitious amounts of verbiage, sure to skip right past the elaborate footnotes, but usually in something near the Queen's English.

Wood certainly has been the longest serving and best understood material to build a whole human history of waterborne transport out of, be it rafts and skiffs or globe circumnavigating fleets. Archeological evidence apparently indicates that humans arrived on the large offshore island of Borneo at least 120,000 years ago and on the continent of Australia some 70,000 years later. We certainly would not know about the losses of life during any such migrations across larger bodies of water.

From much more recent Viking records we estimate that perhaps only half of their oar and sail power driven long ships fleets made it to Greenland during that limited warm spell that led to that inviting name.

There are boat and ship artifacts from ancient Egypt, Asia and from the later major

"SACPAS-3" (LCP)

Design #681: 38'10"x7'6"x12"x200hp
Ninth in a Series of Articles

Why Would the Navy Want to Build a Boat in Plywood in the 21st Century?

cultures around the Mediterranean. Wooden boats allowed regional and global exploration, including deep into (and often out of) Arctic and Antarctic waters. And as transportation ambitions grew, wooden vessels would evolve with that commercial demand.

The technical development of what we now call traditional wooden construction, plank-on-frame, approached its peak in the latter half of the 19th century as iron and then steel emerged as plausible structural materials with eventually superior characteristics. Using iron bolts and reinforcing steel in 1853 the *Great Republic* is recorded at 335'x53'. In 1865 iron clad *Rochambeau* was built in New York to 377'x73', apparently the largest wooden hull we have documentation of. Near the end of large commercial wooden freighters, built in 1909 the five-masted wooden schooner *Wyoming* measured 330'x50'

Inevitably so, wooden boats would be armed for self defense and hunting, likely since earliest days. Eventually dedicated weapons carriers would become known as combatants and then grew to warships, explicitly designed to carry increasing fire-power in state navies or as privateers and pirate ships. Today the all-wood *USS Constitution* serves as the oldest commissioned warship in the world, a very potent early version of the modern battleship, measuring just 204'x44' and carrying 60 guns of various projectile weights.

"But we know better now than to still use wood!"

No doubt, much has been learned. The limits of wooden coastal and ocean going structures were apparently reached. But metal construction had its own learning curve, including catastrophic structural failures and thus sinkings. Iron, then steel, and later aluminum were employed, with parallel metallurgical developments pursuing badly needed improvements such as reducing brittleness or relative corrosion resistance. Even today there are occasional failures indicating the (at least temporary) structural limits of building in steel, with aluminum apparently limited to much smaller maximum hull sizes than steel.

So we do indeed know better now which materials to typically reach for to build vessels.

For example, by WWII the steel Navy had been fully developed from submarines to aircraft carriers and large cannon bore bat-

tleships. And yet the US, for instance, built three classes of go-fast PT boats (about 80') in laminated wood/plywood to light scantlings for most speed, carrying cannons and torpedoes, doing between 40 and 50 knots, pushed by up to 3x1850hp.

Smaller, so-called Higgins Boats were mass-produced in wood to land assault troops and light vehicles (LCPs and LCVs) on hostile shores. And routinely running ahead of that steel Navy convoy were conventionally built wooden mine hunters/sweepers, measuring in the hundreds of tons, clearing sea lanes and assault theaters, often under the fire of shore guns to boot. Phil's brother Tom came to do such hazardous unsung hero duty in the Pacific after he volunteered with the Navy in 1940.

Well over 100 years after the *Wyoming*, in 2012 wooden craft solidly remain with us. We all are aware of antique and modern wooden pleasure boats of all types, from furniture quality kayaks all the way up to mega-yacht size, including megayacht size replicas such as Phil's *HMS Rose*, weighing in at 450 tons (Design #225). And there is the fleet of authentically antique naval and commercial craft running or inactive in museums as sizable manmade 3D witnesses to the past.

Finally there is the ever growing massive fleet of plywood epoxy types Phil favored much of his working life for their rapid assembly, usually combining sustainably grown plywood with modern epoxy to both build and protect long term these simple, affordable and often very effective structures. Phil's 5'6" Shoebox (#539) is likely amongst the smallest plausible designs available.

But, to at long last address the (innocent/ignorant/snide) one-liners quoted early in this narrative (with perhaps our own set), there still is and may indeed remain for a long time to come a significant contingent of wooden working craft. These are not historic artifacts, kept afloat by some nostalgia-ridden bunch of like-minded admirals in a retro club somewhere. In fact, the commissioning dates of most classes range from the mid-1970s to the late 2000s.

In US Navy service, the YP-676-class (Yard Patrol) is the smallest plank-on-frame wooden type at 81'x18'x173 tons, explicitly designed, and most of the 23 units built, to train future officers, with the squadron based at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. Built in two Wisconsin yards between '83 and '88, the twin-screw 13kt craft accommodate men and women midshipmen in three quarters offering 24 bunks, plus four crew and two officers. They are run year-round, often divided up into smaller flotillas doing coastal cruises, with an endurance of up to five days and 1,200 miles of range also allowing offshore trips.

In a number of navies wooden patrol and torpedo boats still can be found, such

as in the Greek navy, where four ex-German Jaguar class units survive, first commissioned in Germany in '58-'59 with four screws, 14,000+hp and reaching 42 knots. Interestingly these have wooden planking over steel framing. They have sister ships in (uneasy neighbor) Turkey, also from used German stock, right next to '70s-era ex-French all-wooden minesweepers and late '50s and '60s-era wooden types initially used in the US Navy.

In fact, a cursory scan of the world's navies will reveal that, amongst those forces that have any minesweeping capabilities, the wooden types category still seems to outnumber those of the other materials doing this hazardous duty!

Vital to the art and science of mine hunting and sweeping is avoiding inadvertently setting off these cheap but lethal hazards, whether they drift freely or are moored at various water depths. Beyond a simple hit-me contact switch, one trigger mechanism since the emergence of the iron and then steel navies and commercial fleets has been based on magnetic action. Later on, sound pressure activated triggers were invented, with who knows what devices lurking now to set off the charge.

Working often in c horeography with airborne reconnaissance, helicopter towed sweeps, surface vessel drones or Hovercraft-based sweeping systems these comparatively modest vessels can indeed be the lifesavers of much larger hardware. One assumes that it is classified how many of which type of mine it would take to kill a 100,000 ton, 1,000' US super carrier, with 70 aircraft and 6,000+ crew aboard, listed at \$12 billion replacement cost just for the vessel alone.

The design brief for a minesweeper thus would first and foremost include:

Non-magnetic hulls and machinery, soft mounting and muffling of unavoidably noisy machinery (such as by having regular propulsion systems for cruising and another super quiet one for mine-hunting), adequate carrying capacity for highly specialized gear, cranes, winches etc, and power generating ability to find and electrically/electronically neutralize the threat in depths now exceeding 1,000'.

To that list, we'd add littoral or ocean-going capabilities, matching endurance and self-defensive capability.

One of MAIB's occasional contributors was the Commanding Officer (CO) on a USN Aggressive class MSO (Minesweeper Ocean) built in 1956. His vessel was one of 53 built between 1953 and 1958 beginning with MSO-422 *Aggressive*. He ran his for a few years in the early '90s as he climbed the ladder of command towards a FFG-7 *Perry* class frigate.

If you don't know what an MSO and their crew are expected to do in a hot conflict, you might not be impressed by their appearance. Phil's brother Tom, of course, would advise you on the rigors of that combat lifestyle.

Built in plank-on-frame wooden-construction with bronze screws driven into sawn frames, that class measures 172'x35'x10' on 850 tons. The type was designed with four aluminum block diesels, (non-magnetic) stainless hardware (with neither presumably bonded to each other), twin variable pitch propellers, a whole host of mine countermeasure, all controlled by seven officers and a 70-man crew, or so I read.

As a footnote, that ex-CO of the MSO advises that the Navy wrote another edition of

its *Manual for Wood Construction* during that program of designing and building this class.

Many hulls of that type were extensively rehabilitated and their equipment upgraded in the early 1970s with the last to serve until 1994 under US flag. MSO-449 *USS Impervious*, for instance, worked in the (first) Gulf War of 1990-91 next to six somewhat smaller British vessels of the *Hunt* class and others. After replacement of their outer planking in the early 1990s, this particular vessel, along with three sister ships, were by 1994 sold to Taiwan where they continue to serve today in active duty as the *Yung Yang* class, nearing 50 years of service as wooden frontline naval vessels.

These four MSO-422 hulls seem to be indeed the most veteran of the current global fleet of minesweepers of perhaps 250 hulls in that line of work measuring between 65 and 1450 tons. There may still be a few older smaller ones yet in service in the Philippines, with several all-wood late WWII types possibly still used, at least as patrol craft.

Not unexpectedly, fiberglass hulled types have emerged with over 70 hulls worldwide built in that material in sizes from 65 to over 700 tons. At 720 tons are the Italian *Gaeta* class (commissioned '93-'98) and their Australian sister ships (commissioned '99-'03) for 12 vessels total. The British *Hunt* class come in at 750 tons with 13 units commissioned between '80 and '89, plus two for Greece in '00-'01.

While there seem to be no aluminum hulled types, steel hulls are in service as well, but always built of some non-magnetic alloy such as the 22 units of 620-650-tons Germany runs (commissioned '89-'95), with that steel sourced from a batch of special alloy produced for the Type-206 submarine program. And there are some 16 Russian units stated to be of alu-steel weighing in at up to 870 tons (commissioned '72-'02). All in all, this adds up to some 40 metal hulls worldwide.

Interestingly, in the Ex-Soviet/now-Russian case, the majority of minesweepers of that large naval power is a class of 38 vessels of 430-450 tons, commissioned between '76 and '98, built in wooden construction with glass reinforced plastic sheathing, so one source reports.

Island nation and Super High Tech Powerhouse Japan shows a fleet of 52 minesweepers, all built of wood. As one source notes, about one 590 ton class of nine vessels commissioned between '90 and '96, "...was to have been of GRP (fiberglass) construction, but are built of wood." That force's minesweeping capability seems exclusively

USS Aggressive Class MSO (Minesweeper Ocean).



based on wooden construction, ranging from 536 tons to 1150 tons commissioned between '82 and '07.

Not by sheer numbers of hulls, but by total tonnage, the US Navy appears to run the largest such capability. And in an ongoing practical comparison, or so it seems, one all fiberglass type and one glued wood composite construction type are operating wherever global demands draw these vessels:

The 12-vessel MHC-51 *Osprey* class coastal mine hunters were built in monocoque foam core GRP construction, measuring up to 975 tons (commissioned '93-'99).

On 220', the 14 vessel MCM-1 *Avenger* class oceangoing minesweeper/mine hunters are by tonnage of up to 1,450 tons the largest wooden minesweepers active in all time and climate zones, (commissioned '87-'94); some WWII big gun/thin skin destroyers were smaller than this.

It seems plausible to state that navies do not build such serious wooden craft to make an explicit ecological argument about the philosophical integrity of building in sustainably sourced wood. Only we get wrap ourselves in that mantle.

But from a structural functional perspective, it is helpful indeed to be able to refer to this unarguable reality of sizable contemporary wooden craft explicitly designed and built for a most serious line of ongoing national security work.

Following the design brief for our particular USN project, even without such dramatic prospects, we still appreciate that Douglas fir is reasonably non-toxic, can be worked with common hand and power tools, is fairly predictable structural stuff, is not too expensive and we seem to be good at growing more of the stuff. Adding epoxy to the emerging structure for gluing and coating enhances the wood's relative strength, its daily utility and its lifetime.

Whether in Soviet designers' minds in the 1970s, on Great Lakes boat builders' shop floors putting together the first hull of the *Avenger* class in the 1980s or working on our boat in 2011/12, the narrative sounds quite familiar, driven by comparable reasons once more, as throughout human history, drawing on each others' experiences one way or the other, nothing classified here.

So, now we can quip: "What's good enough for some of the mightiest navies might be good enough for us plywood and epoxy and fiberglass builders." We'll just smoothly ignore that the *Avenger* class carries a fiberglass superstructure.

A MANUAL FOR SMALL YACHTS

BY

Commander R. D. GRAHAM, R.N.

AND

J. E. H. TEW, A.M.I.N.A.

SECOND EDITION

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED

LONDON AND GLASGOW

XIV

LAMPS AND LIGHTING

The only efficient side and anchor lights are those with internal cones. On the whole paraffin burners are the best.

We have heard that electric side lights with a self-contained battery are shortly to be put on the market. These should supply a much-needed want for a yacht that does not do a lot of night sailing.

Electric sidelights from a ship's circuit are likely to give trouble from salt water getting into the leads.

Gymballed candles and oil lamps can be used for the cabin, unless you have electric light from an engine. If these do not give enough light for comfort there is an excellent pressure mantle lamp called the Baby Coleman. It is the only type of mantle lamp we have met that is small enough for a yacht; there are patterns for petrol and for paraffin; the former we have found satisfactory and safe; the latter has given trouble, but there may be a new type that does not carbon up. The lamp is best slung from the cabin roof and steadied by pieces of elastic fitted to hook of copper wire. It will burn in a moderate wind and so is very useful when you have a bit of bottom painting to finish in the dark.

The best torch is the "Powerlight"; the pattern with one focused beam is useful for picking up posts or buoys in the dark, but is rather large.

Of the smaller hand torches the "Ever Ready" brand in a wood case withstands damp better than the all-metal types, and being square does not roll about.

The galley is likely to be a dark corner; fit a bulb working off a dry battery, or an electric cycle torch, overhead.

Bottogas (address 6 London St., W. 2) is worth considering for lighting and cooking. The makers claim that with their patent fittings there is no leakage. Calor gas is another gas used in the same way. The *Yachting Monthly*, December, 1934, has an article on acetylene for yachts.

XV

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

Since so many women have taken to cruising, and so many men have had to help in the housework ashore, there has been an immense improvement below decks, but it remains true that there are still some yachtsmen who do not use a jug mop (price 9d.) for washing up, a wire brush

for cleaning saucepans after scrambled eggs, Vim for all utensils and paintwork, and soap powder for washing-up water. Really hot salt water is quite efficient for washing up, but mop and cloths become unpleasantly greasy after a time. There is a very satisfactory sea-water galley powder on the market which improves matters.

Our practice is to use hot salt water, varied occasionally by fresh water with soap powder. This is just as good as soda and can be used for clothes as well.

To wash clothes, soak or rinse in hot fresh water to which enough soap powder (or flakes) has been added to give a good lather. Rinse in salt water, wring well and give a final rinse in fresh water.

If you are interested in cooking buy some cheap book on the subject (*Cookery for Small Craft*, by C. Stobart Russell).

The majority of our readers will not have an oven on board their ships. This prevents any really serious cookery, but joints up to 5 lb., or a bird, can be cooked in a deep fry. Buy the largest saucepan that will fit your Primus (probably 8 in.), and a wire basket (not absolutely essential) that will just fit inside. Heat in it about 3 lb. of fat (dripping is best, but any fat will do). Culinary oil is easier to keep clean as the bits fall to the bottom so that it can be poured off and stored in a half-gallon jar. Disregard the bubbling, which is merely the water being driven off, though this may not be noticeable with new fat. When the fat gives off blue smoke it is ready. You can test by dipping a morsel of bread, which should brown immediately. Put the meat into the basket and lower gently into the fat. Lift off the flame until the violent boiling calms down and then replace over a stove mat. You can put potatoes, onions, &c., in with the meat. Cook for about 20 or 30 minutes.

If the deep fry is heated up before reaching harbour a meal can be produced very soon after anchoring, but, of course, you must be absolutely certain that the motion of your ship is not violent enough to jump the saucepan off the stove.

A rolled rib of beef or small leg of mutton are the most suitable joints.

After continuous use the fat gets very black. This in no way spoils the food but does detract from its appearance.

Some aluminium utensils corrode in salt water. Mugs are much more satisfactory than cups, as they do not slide about so much. The base should be as large as the top, and they should be large enough ($\frac{3}{4}$ pint) to hold a reasonable drink when $\frac{2}{3}$ full. Bandalasta ware is excellent but stains after prolonged use.

Excellent toast can be made over a Primus with an asbestos toasting mat.

The most efficient tin opener is the scissor type.

A fish slice is a very useful implement.

When frying in either a pan or a deep fry, fish and sausages should be rolled in flour. This helps to stop them breaking.

Generally when frying, or boiling, start as hot as possible and continue slowly; but with stews the idea is to get the juice into the gravy, so go slow all the time.

A ham is very easily cooked. Start cold and boil very gently for 15 minutes per pound, plus another 15 minutes. Fresh meat requires about 25 minutes plus 25.

Potatoes are best boiled in their skins (20 to 25 minutes) then peeled and mashed up in the saucepan with milk and

butter.

Most food shrinks in cooking. If inexperienced, choose what looks the right amount and then double it.

Rice; wash in cold water and then place in fast boiling water for 10 minutes or till tender; strain off the water and allow to continue cooking in its own steam.

Tinned peas are immensely improved by melting over them a good dab of butter and sprinkling over a dessert-spoonful of sugar.

Sardines can be varied by frying lightly and serving on toast or fried bread.

Corned beef can be made quite palatable. Fry some onions, then add a little water, flour and Bovril. Boil for a few minutes and then add a tin of corned beef well mashed up. Serve when the meat is hot. You can mix in anything else you like such as curry powder, tomatoes, potatoes, spice, &c., and serve with a fried or poached egg on top.

Stews or curries are nearly always much improved by the addition of raisins, sultanas, dates or something sweet. In the U.S.A. it is usual to eat jam with eggs and bacon. The objection to stews made with fresh meat is that they take several hours to cook, but fragments of any cooked meat can be mixed up with almost any vegetables and stewed in a little water until the vegetables are cooked. Add butter or dripping, rice or barley, Bovril, &c.

Tinned sweet peppers (pimentos) give a pleasant flavour and deserve to be better known.

As regards tinned stews, the only ones we have found with flavours of their own are haricot mutton and steak and kidney pie, and "Mary Brett's Country House Dinners". The latter can be got from the A. & N. Stores, which also supply a "Meat Ration" which is good value. We have had privately put up tinned meat that was practically indistinguishable from fresh.

Tinned salmon can be stirred up in a saucepan with butter and rice or cooked potatoes, or rolled up into balls dusted with flour and fried. Any cooked fish can be treated like this.

Tinned fruits seem to vary enormously with the brand. Hawaiian pineapple seems much the best.

If your cheese gets tired melt it slowly in a pan and serve on toast and under a fried egg.

Kippers and haddock are best boiled in a frying pan.

Eggs, if you can get them just laid, will keep for several weeks without any treatment.

If you are troubled by your blankets sliding off at night, fold them together and tack roughly with sail twine (or use blanket pins) so as to make a bag, leaving one edge $\frac{1}{2}$ open to facilitate entering. According to temperature you can get in so as to have one, two or three thicknesses over you.

Most of your knives and forks will probably go in a drawer, but tack a strap in the galley with spaces for carving knife, tin opener, &c.

Various articles below may need lashing. Do not tie them but have a piece of elastic ($\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide generally) on the end of a string and loop over a hook. Sidelights, clock, headphones are a few things that may be secured in this way. For a lamp use a long hook of copper wire so that the elastic shall not get hot. Spring wire can be bought cheaply and is stronger than elastic.

If you have no good place to stow bedding, tack a piece of green waterproof canvas to the ship's side in the most convenient place; loop the other edge of the canvas to the ship's side and insert the bedding in the roll.

A net fixed under the deck makes a convenient stowage space for clothes if you have no other dry spot.

There is a new pattern Primus stove on the market with a self-pricking and flame regulating arrangement; there is also a gadget for lighting without methylated. With the old type, if you have any difficulty in starting through draughts, buy a windshield. A special methylated filling can which automatically supplies the right dose is worth carrying, but with some gymballed Primuses it is difficult to reach the filling cup; in such a case buy an engineer's oil can with a long spout; Woolworth sometimes stock them. Low grade paraffin such as might possibly be purchased abroad will not burn in a Primus or may cause the stove to need pricking every few minutes. In such an emergency we have used petrol for some weeks, but we cannot guarantee that it is safe.

It is worth carrying a few spare nipples and the special key for removing them.

If you cruise early or late in the season you must have some sort of heater for the cabin. A coal stove is best but in default of this there are several excellent oil radiators burning paraffin under pressure. The Primus and the Tilley are two good makes, or you can get a radiator to place on the top of an ordinary Primus stove. If you wish to keep the heating stove going at sea, have a place for it on the cabin floor where it can be secured with hooks and spring wire.

XVI

WIRELESS

The ordinary type of set is not likely to stand up against the damp conditions of a small yacht. A substantial set in a teak case, and specially designed to withstand yacht conditions, is made by Schooner and Sloop Wireless Sets Ltd., Pawlett, near Bridgewater, Somerset, and can be recommended from personal experience. It is made in the Schooner, Sloop and Colonial models.

We advise fitting one aerial to the rigging and one inboard round the under side of the deck. It is advisable to carry headphones for use when ship noises are excessive. It is inadvisable to install a set with a directional aerial (such as a portable).

There is not at present on the market any apparatus, suitable for yachts, for obtaining directional bearings for navigation.

Gale warnings are broadcast from the National transmitter at the following times:

Week-days	Sundays
10.30 a.m.	10.30 a.m.
1 p.m.	12.30 p.m.
4.45 p.m.	4.30 p.m.
6 p.m.	8.30 p.m.
9 p.m.	11 p.m.

or as stated at 10.30 a.m.

The *Yachting Monthly*, August, 1935, contains details of other sets, including one for sending out S.O.S.

Radio telephone sets for communicating between ship and shore are made in a variety of sizes, some light-weight portable instruments being suitable for the smallest vessels. (Address, Transreceivers, Ltd., Poynters, Hatchford, Cobham.)

It is worth while carrying a pair of headphones and a long length of flex; then the helmsman can listen in without disturbing the sleeping occupants of the cabin.

There are now a considerable number of W./T. Fog Beacons round our coasts and a number are fitted to lightships and lighthouses abroad.

Full particulars of these are to be found in *Admiralty Lists of Lights* and in Reed's *Nautical Almanac* where the Call Sign and times of transmission are given.

These stations make their call sign (quite slowly) alternated by a long dash at times stated in the Almanac during fog. During clear weather the call sign is made less frequently. They are quite easy to pick up on an ordinary receiving set, though you may need an extra coil. We are advised, however, that on any set which can be carried in a small yacht it is not possible to get any useful directional bearing. The only possible use would be to know whether it was thick or clear off your port ahead of you.

With Little Cumbrae you hear a voice counting cables and miles. There is also an air fog horn; the distance spoken at the end of the third blast is your correct distance.

We have heard of the successful use of the Rotating Loop Beacon at Orfordness for obtaining bearings. For method of use see *Admiralty List of Wireless Signals*, Vol. II, or better, ask one of your east-coast friends.

XVII

PUMPS

The pump you have fitted may not clear the bilge sufficiently when the ship is heeled, and is possibly placed so that it is awkward to work. The cheapest way to overcome this is to fit a semi-rotary (No. 1 size) in the cabin; bore a hole through the floor-boards and have a loose length of suction hose to go down through it. A piece of an old lamp burner makes a good strainer. Another length of detachable rubber hose will deliver the water overboard through the companion-way. Permanent lead piping would be better, but more expensive; it may be necessary to have two holes in the floor so that there is always a lee one. If the suction is permanent it must have an accessible strainer.

The cast-iron type of semi-rotary will last a fair time and costs less than half the all-brass pattern.* The type with ball instead of flap valves is much less susceptible to choking but is only made in the larger sizes. If the semi-rotary is the only pump, we suggest No. 2 size for yachts up to 7 tons.

A much better type than the semi-rotary is the diaphragm pump; it is cheaper, more powerful, less likely to choke, but takes up more room (fig. 24).

The vortex pump is the most efficient of all; the makers claim that it will deliver 30 gallons per minute as against about 10 gallons of the 1½ diaphragm or No. 2 semi-rotary and that it will pass matches and cigarette ends. It has to be placed in the bilge and worked by a detachable handle through the floor (fig. 25).

Messrs. Simpson, Lawrence, Ltd., of Glasgow, market a boat pump of which the cheapest is 13s. 6d. This might be useful if your water tank were not accessible, or for pumping out a fuel tank.

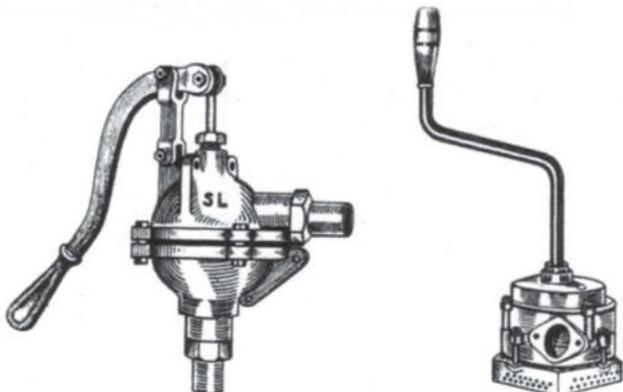


Fig. 24.—Diaphragm Pump
(By courtesy of Messrs. Simpson, Lawrence, Ltd., Glasgow)

Fig. 25.—Vortex Pump
(Simpson, Lawrence, Ltd.)

XVIII

ENGINES

The following formula gives approximately correct results for an average type cruising yacht:

$$\frac{\sqrt{H.P. \times 15}}{\text{Beam}} = \text{speed.}$$

Engines may be of the two-stroke or four-stroke or Diesel type. The advantage of the two-stroke is that it is cheaper, more powerful for a given weight and size, has no valves to go wrong, and develops a more even torque. The disadvantages are that it is not quite so economical in fuel, and does not run well in neutral. Diesel engines are now made in small sizes but cost about twice the price of a petrol or paraffin engine of equivalent power; they are very cheap to run, but before fitting one you should go into the question of vibration; they have the great advantage of eliminating the risk of fire.

Up to 8 h.p. we recommend a two-stroke.

In a small yacht an aperture in the dead wood or rudder has a very detrimental effect on her sailing and handling, so that it is best to have the propeller on the quarter; this does not apply to big yachts.

It is important that the installation should be carried out under the superintendence of a competent engineer; the exhaust pipe must be fitted so that there is no chance of water running back into the engine. This sounds obvious, but many engines have been damaged through this cause. The water inlet must have an easily accessible strainer.

If your engine is designed to run at over 1000 revs. per minute it should be fitted with reduction gear.

There are three types of propellers, the ordinary solid one, the type which feathers by means of rods, and an automatic feathering type. With the second type there is no need of reverse gear on the engine, since the blades can be set to pull instead of to push; some feathering propellers, however, will only go ahead. The last type feathers automatically when the ship is sailing. When the engine is set to ahead or reverse, the blades automatically fly into the correct position.

A solid propeller idling will retard the vessel more than a feathered one, but has the advantage that there is less to go wrong. One of the authors has had experience of the automatic type in an 80-ft. American schooner and found it entirely satisfactory.

With the moderate power of an auxiliary you cannot expect to push a small yacht against wind and a lop. If your horse-power is in the nature of one horse-power per ton you should be able to manoeuvre in harbour in a strong wind. If you keep some sail drawing you will find it a surprising help to the engine when working to windward; when, however, you can make fair speed under sail alone you will find that the engine will give you little increase.

If you are fitting a solid propeller it may be worth adding a special sailing clutch; this is installed abaft the gear box, and allows the propeller to rotate at very low speeds.

One is constantly hearing of yachts catching fire through petrol leaks. A smell of petrol in the cabin should be treated as a dangerous symptom, and all naked lights should be extinguished. Do not on any account strike a match near the cabin floor, as the gas will be thickest in the lowest part of the ship. You will, of course, carry a fire extinguisher, and the engine should have a deep tray beneath it to catch drips. All fuel-pipe joints should be properly braised.

In these days, when all cars are so good, the younger generation may not be acquainted with the various tips for starting a refractory engine. Doping the cylinder with petrol is the first obvious thing; partially blocking the air intake may help. If the engine still refuses to start take out the plugs, fill them with petrol and light; do not burn your fingers more than necessary when replacing the hot plugs.

If the engine will not start when hot the mixture may be too rich; close the throttle, open priming taps, if any, and give the engine a dozen turns by hand.

When a two-stroke engine refuses to start for no obvious reason it is generally due to an excess of petrol in the crank chamber. Close the throttle. Take out the plugs and give

the engine a dozen turns by hand; then replace the plug and try again.

If your engine really will not go there must be somethin wrong with either the compression, the ignition or the fuel. Test each methodically. You can easily feel the compression when turning by hand. Test the ignition by taking out the plugs, with their leads attached, and turning by hand; the body of the plug must touch some metal part of the engine but it is possible for the plugs to spark in the open and no under compression. Test fuel supply by unscrewing petro pipe. If the carburettor float leaks and you cannot repair it you might be able to get along by melting off the top and stuffing it with cork. When an engine stops dead it is probably ignition trouble; if it splutters or races, suspect the fuel supply. If it misses intermittently it is generally due to faulty plugs or worn magneto points; but sometimes it is undoubtedly bewitched.

When laying up, if possible, remove the engine; when you cannot, remove the magneto; mark the couplings to avoid having to retime. Pour a dessertspoonful of lubricating oil through the plug holes and give a few turns by hand. It is not necessary to remove the oil from the sump. Vaseline all bright metal parts and plug the exhaust pipe from outboard if the yacht is to be left afloat.

When the engine is started ahead the first effect of the screw is to turn the ship. Hold the rudder amidships and note which way she begins to turn; it is useful to know this when you have to turn in a confined space. When going astern a right-handed propeller causes the stern to fly to port, but as the ship gathers way her stern will swing towards the wind, most likely irrespective of the rudder.

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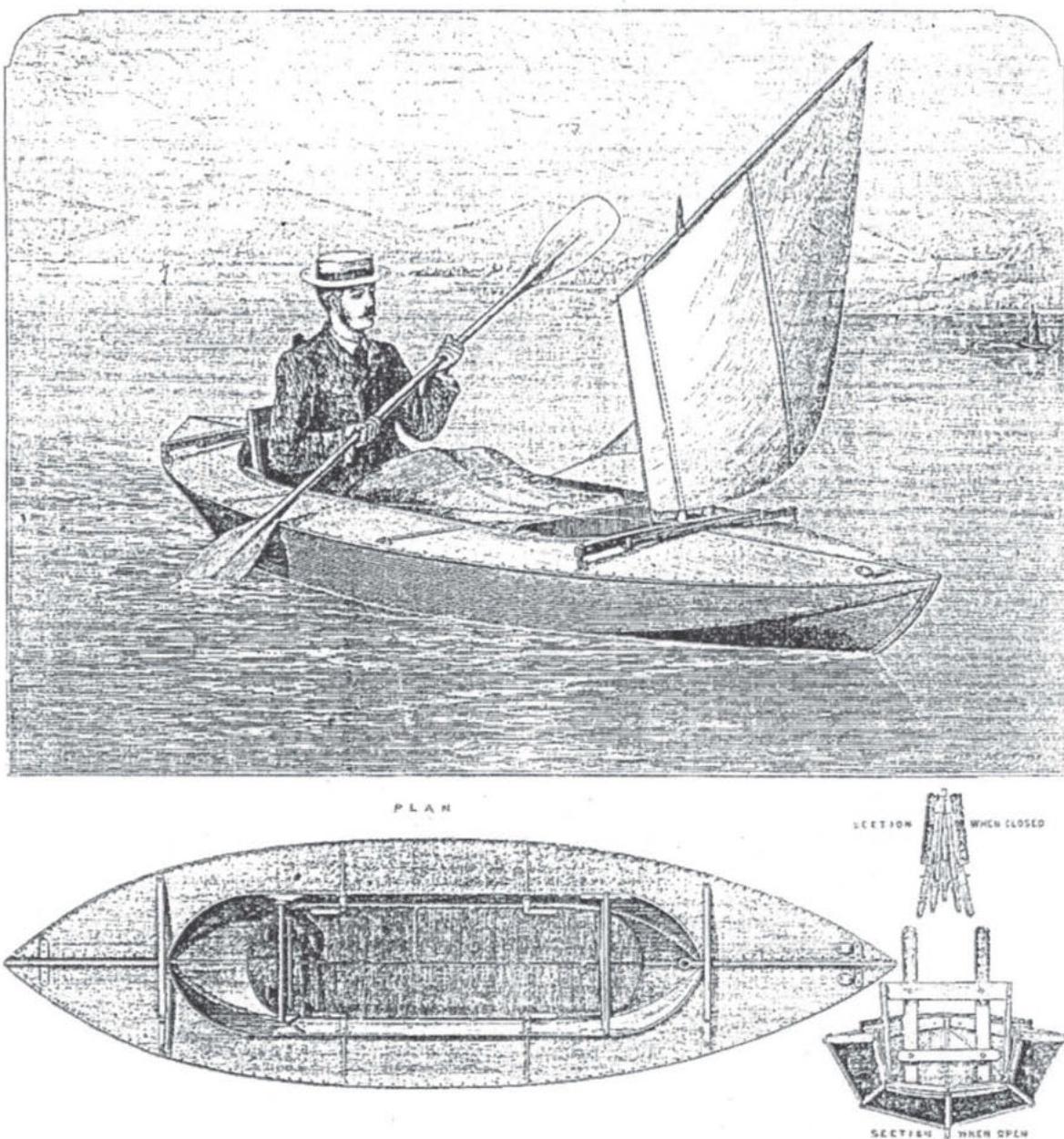


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At this season of the year attention is once more devoted by large numbers of our readers to yachts and yachting. The scale on which these operations are carried out varies, and while one gentleman has a 600 ton ship built for him and fitted with Perkins' engines, intended to give a speed of fourteen knots, on a consumption of 1 lb. of coal per indicated horse-power per hour, a score will rest well content with a canoe. Canoeing, under the auspices of Mr. Macgregor, "Rob Roy," is rapidly growing in popularity, and the members of the Canoe Club already number nearly 600. Under these circumstances we make no apology for occupying a good deal of space in illustrating a new and very ingenious canoe, which seems to supply a long-felt want. Many tourists have experienced the difficulty and annoyance of carrying a canoe

about with them from lake to lake or river to river. That which we illustrate gets over the objection. The canoe has been designed by the Rev. E. L. Berthon on much the same principle as his well-known collapsing boats. Our engravings show the canoe opened, and under sail; while below are a plan and cross sections of the boat open and folded up. In this condition it is but 3in. thick, and its entire weight, with all fittings complete, is but 40lb., so that it is not too much to say that one man can carry it with ease under his arm. The hull is made of canvas, double, with an air space between to secure buoyancy. The deck is of wood, and when forced down flat it is maintained in position by a couple of spring cross bars, as shown, detached or fixed in a moment, which effectively prevent the collapse of the boat. Beside these there are galvanised iron stanchions which prevent the floor from rising. The mechanical details have been very nicely worked out, and the result is a portable boat capable of carrying about 16 stones with perfect safety, and weighing itself, as we have said, but 40 lb. Our illustrations are so complete that we need only add that these canoes are built by the Berthon Boat Company, Romsey, Hampshire.

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association (UK)

Peter Duff introduced us to the efficacy of removable boat trailer lights back when we purchased our Dovekie, the *Pilgrim Pelican*, in 1982. I've never liked trailer lights that get dunked when launching. My Shearwater *True North* was quickly fitted with removable lights when we traded for her in 1994. Her original owner had not used an E&D trailer so, of course, the light fixtures were nothing but useless lumps of metal rusted onto the trailer frame. The trailer for a wooden melonseed skiff had a complete set of equally useless corroded lights when we took delivery at a salt marsh in North Carolina, so it was converted to removable lights, too.

Recently I've begun assembling a set of removable LED lights for the trailer under our Albin-25 Diesel motor cruiser, the *Nord Stjerne*. The original incandescent lights are junk, though the rest of the galvanized trailer is very nice. We had to use the Shearwater's light system fastened with duct tape to tow her home from Madison, Wisconsin.

Our Shearwater (now with new owners) has lights mounted on a pair of large cleats atop her stern quarters. The lights are removed prior to launching and remounted on the trailer for legal parking. We've discovered that local police frown upon trail-



Fixture Closed.

Fixture Open.



Boat Trailer Lighting Tricks

By Moby Nick Scheuer

ers parked in their jurisdiction without lights and/or license plate displayed. There certainly are ways to make mounting brackets using components sourced at your hardware store. However, I really enjoy the challenge of designing and fabricating my own stuff. The wooden light brackets were fabricated, for the most part, on my tilting arbor table saw. While the brackets may seem inordinately large, they're easy to manipulate with gloved hands (notice the snow in the Shearwater photos) and wooden knobs do not open from vibration on the road.

Our earlier Dovekie had an extruded aluminum light bar secured by a pair of stainless machine screws mated to brass threaded sockets molded into the stern deck by E&D. Their effort was prompted by a legal requirement to have tail lights within 4' of the boat's stern, and the back end of the E&D trailer terminated much farther forward so it would serve as a fulcrum for tipping the hull off when launching. The wire harnesses for both Dovekie and Shearwater are suspended on short lines knotted to various fittings along the port rail forward to the tow vehicle.

The melonseed (Albin will soon follow suit) has lights mounted on the trailer frame so that removal for launching is optional. The wire harnesses are suspended on simple wooden toggles engaging a series of eyebolts along the trailer frame. The toggles take but a moment to fasten or unfasten.

One of my design criteria is to permit lights and harness to be fitted or removed



Melonseed components.

Melonseed light in place.



with gloved hands in chilly weather. We like to hitch up and head south in midwinter, like once when we departed Minneapolis at 20 degrees below zero and launched the Dovekie at Everglades National Park at 85°, a 105° improvement. It's what trailer boating is all about.

Another factor which favors removable lights is that off-season maintenance is so much easier in the warmth of my shop instead of dealing with road crud and snow under the trailer out in the driveway. My utility trailer had a problem with a short which was difficult to trace due to wires running through the steel tube tongue and other frame members which chafed insulation.

I'll close this with three general points: First, I've lost all patience with incandescent lights for my trailers, it'll be nothing but LEDs from now on. Second, ground wires leading from light fixtures to a ground incorporated in the vehicle wire harness are much more trustworthy than using the trailer frame and hitch for ground. Third, take the trouble to maintain the automaker's conventions for wire insulation color, it makes troubleshooting down the road so much easier; for the basic four-wire circuit that's white for ground, brown for running and side marker lights, green for right turn and brake and yellow for left turn and brake.

Maybe we'll meet at a turnpike oasis sometime, eh? Trailer boats rule!



Shearwater light bracket and stern cleat.



Shearwater light mounted.

Wire suspension toggles.



Among my electronics projects was the replacement of the ancient VHF antenna and mount. For all I knew, both came with the boat when it was built in 1985. The antenna was “fuzzy” and the chrome-coated mount was losing the chrome. The deciding factor was that the VHF cable from the antenna into the boat had lost much of its external protective sheath and the grounding mesh wiring was exposed to the elements. This meant that, over time, the wiring would corrode and the connection between the antenna and the radio would become unreliable.

Since I could not find an antenna like the one on the boat (4'11" long), I went with a new Shakespeare 5400-XT antenna and a “lift and lay” mount that I’ve had in storage since 2009. The old mount was held with four bolts while the new mount is held with three. I picked one of the bolt holes for the center of the new mount, filled in the un-needed holes, drilled new holes, put down the caulking and bolted the mount to the top side of the cabin.

Of interest in the antenna project was that the wire with the new antenna was not ready for connection to the VHF radio. The connection was included with soldering directions. Other antennas I have purchased over the years had the connector fitted so I had to create a hole big enough to take the connector. This lack of completeness (i.e., ready to go), was very nice as I could pull out the old antenna wire and slide in the new wire without needing to re-close the hole in the cabin side created when the original installation was made. I have no idea what was used as a sealer in 1985, but it was still soft and allowed me to change the wires and close up around the new antenna cable with no problems. Once I determine the needed length of the antenna wire, I did the soldering on the boat.

Thinking about soldering, while I was looking at VHF antenna choices, I saw connectors for the cable to radio that do not require soldering. The center wire sticks into the pin “firmly” and the mesh ground wire is clamped/crimped. I asked the sales per-

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

son about this arrangement and was told it was on the market for those who work on their boats but do not know how to solder. I learned basic soldering in junior high when each student “built” a crystal radio as a shop project. I learned more about soldering from my father as we worked on our family vehicles. (I still have, and use, his electric soldering iron.) I also have an “instant” heat soldering gun for electrical connections. Since my old VHF antenna wire’s solder connection to the plug is still good, I wonder how long the “crimped” connection will last?

Do you have any hard, solid copper electrical wire lying around? I mean the hard copper wire about size #10 or #12. I find a piece very helpful in cleaning out the nozzle at the end of a tube of sealant. At the house I use an ice pick to create a new hole for the sealant to come through. I do not have an ice pick on the boat, but I do have a short piece (about 6" long) of #12 wire that does the job quite nicely when I grip it with a pair of pliers to push it in and then pull it back out. If you do not have access to the larger sized wire, a #14 doubled will also get the job done. The idea is to not cut back the tube (making a bigger hole) when filling in small holes or cracks.

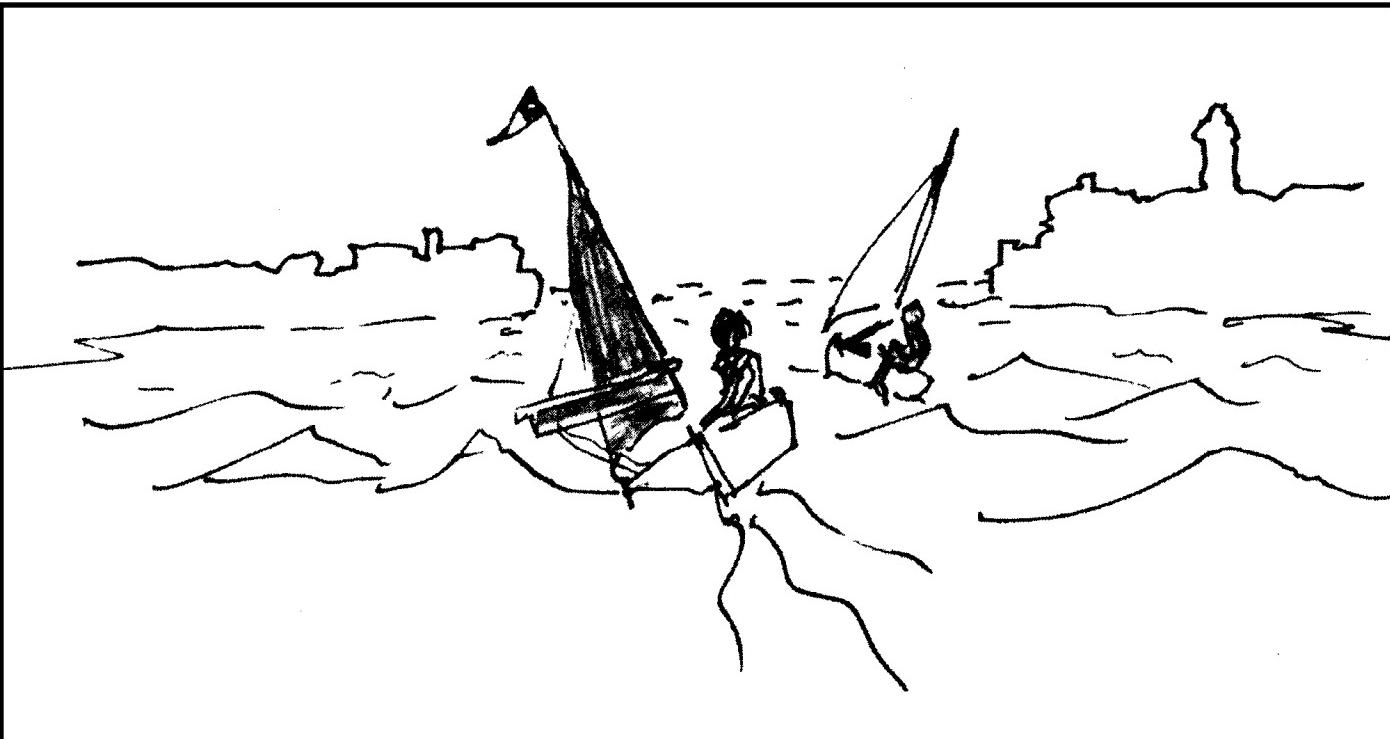
Chafe protection for lines is becoming very interesting. A number of firms are making heavy use synthetic fiber lines with chafe protection woven over the lines for use on large commercial vessels. With luck, some of this technology will make its way down to the recreational boat level. One of the sources of information at this point is Chafe-Pro (www.chafepro.com).

All of us who use boats know about the problem of mixing dissimilar metals and the

corrosion that can result. I had not thought too much about this problem around the house until I was shown where a copper to galvanized connection had slowly failed and dripped water for a number of years inside a chase (out of sight, out of mind) at a building I go to for my Taoist Tai Chi class. In fact, all the wood in the chase’s sub flooring was wet and black mold was present. After the people cleaning up got rid of the black mold, those doing the repair work had to remove a shower, the sub flooring thereunder and part of the bathroom wall. When the connection was made (sometime in the ‘70s) a dielectric fitting/union was not used between the copper pipe and the galvanized pipe. Over time, corrosion took place and the connection failed. Perhaps it is time to check your indoor plumbing pipe connections?

Winter in North Florida is an interesting time. For a while my skiff project moved along quite nicely and I had hopes of “tank testing” the boat in a nearby swimming pool. All was glued and screwed together and the inside primed when almost a month of low temperature or high humidity hit. Moving the boat project inside the house was not an option for two reasons. First, no room inside for such a project. Second, my wife’s allergies would not react favorably to the fumes given off by the primer or finish paint. Hence, the boat sat in the garage waiting suitable weather. We had one day of low humidity and relatively high temperature so I primed the bottom. The boat sat for a while longer before I was able to prime the rest of the outside of the hull. Once all the paint has dried it will be time to put the boat in the pool and see if there are any leaks. If no leaks, I will do the finish sanding, the final painting and get the boat ready to go to the coast. If leaks appear, back to finding same and fixing.

For those who want to make their own sails, there is an interesting article on building sails from polytarp in the March/April 2012 issue of *Small Craft Advisor* starting on page 38, or take a look at www.polysail.com.



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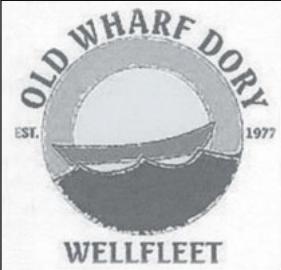
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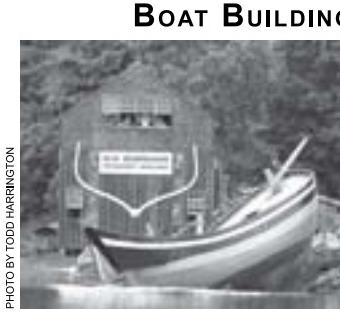
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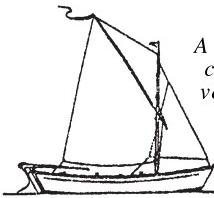


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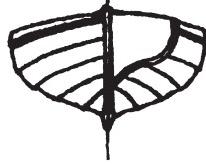
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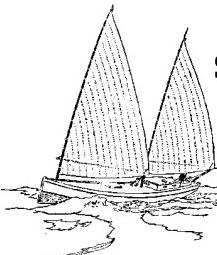
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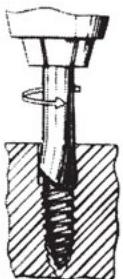
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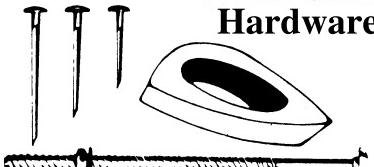
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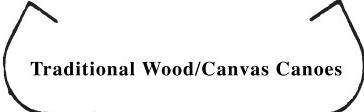
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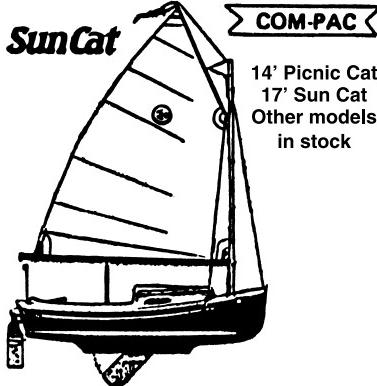


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This is a prospective customer taking our 14ft Vermont Fishing Dory out for a sea-trial off Miami Beach. It was 15 degrees back in Vermont....84 in Miami....turquoise waters, brilliant sun....a sandy job....but somebody has to do it. There is no water in the boat. If you would like a color version of this photo....plus a couple of other photos in the sequence...send an e-mail to us at guideboat@together.net